

Catholic Digest

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WISDOM IN READABLE FORM



A Roman reads *L'Osservatore Romano* in St. Peter's Square. Page 74.

Volume 14

APRIL, 1950

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Catholic Digest



VOL. 14

APRIL, 1950

NO. 6

The City of God is eternal; its roots go back to ancient paganism; its monuments are of all ages; and its faith is forever

ROME, EVER OLD AND EVER NEW

By BARBARA WARD

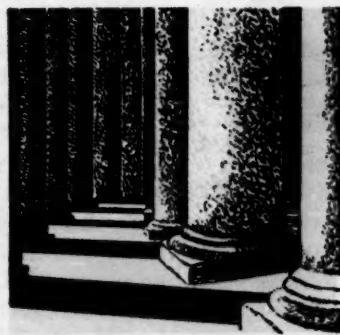
Condensed from the New York Times Magazine*

WHAT draws thousands year after year to Rome? The Holy Year is bringing pilgrims from every corner of the world. But year in, year out, the stream flows on.

Some come and never go away again. They arrive for a fortnight and stay for a lifetime. You meet them in libraries and tea shops. You see them sketching in the Palatine or sitting contentedly like lizards in the sun—old ladies, young men of artistic temperament and independent

means, scholars, poets. Some have survived the intense discomforts both of wartime occupation and post-war currency restrictions. Rome's magnet does not fail; her spell never ceases to work. What, precisely, can it be?

At its simplest and most universal, it is, of course, the appeal of beauty. But nothing is more difficult to define. In Rome especially, it is not one thing or another that is beautiful. It is the living city itself, in a unity of light and color, past and present, atmosphere and nostalgia.



gia, humanity and stone. It is this unity that gives Rome a charm that one does not find in other great cities.

In 50 years we have succeeded in building Megalopolis. Approach any great city of the western world from the air. To the very horizon the buildings seem to stretch out in a gridiron of roads between rows of terraced houses under a pall of smoke. Twenty square miles of London, ten square miles of Chicago convey a feeling of dark energy and concentrated power, but beauty has vanished from the shapeless mass.

In Rome as the plane circles in from the sea the traveler can see the entire city. It seems unbelievably small and compact. There it lies like a model for an exhibition, fragile, diminutive, complete. One can imagine a child exclaiming delightedly, "Look, they have even put an island in the river." With one glance you can see the line where white buildings end and fields begin. For a moment it seems possible to hold the whole city in your hand, to see

*the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
No larger, though the goal of all the
saints.*

So Tennyson wrote of the City of the Grail. Rome, goal of saints and sinners, is small enough to give a single impression, small enough to be beautiful.

This compactness is not an illusion. In how many capitals can one

cross the city in a comfortable morning's walk? In how many are the proportions no greater than those of a provincial town? A single stroll could include the President's palace on the height of the Quirinal; the ruins of the Forum; a side look at the only blot on Rome's beauty—the vast, white, incongruous and monstrously heroic monument to Victor Emmanuel; the Palazzo Venezia, where, perched on a small balcony, Mussolini loved to harangue the mob; the baroque beauties of the Jesuit church of the Gesù; a walk to the Tiber; and, skirting the old prison of San Angelo, the vista of St. Peter's itself—modern Rome, royal Rome, classical Rome, fascist Rome, baroque Rome and Catholic Rome, all in the compass of a single walk.

On excursions such as these, Rome reveals itself. It is part of the essence of its beauty that it is not by means of the grand set pieces, the well-thought-out and carefully arranged visits to the Forum or the Vatican, that the soul of the visitor is ensnared. The heart-stirring beauty lies in more modest things. It lurks in corners and alleyways, in the sunlight of a courtyard, round the corner of a mounting stair. It springs at you as you stop by a bridge and throw a backward glance along the brown slow-moving Tiber. It lies in wait where up the pillars of a ruined temple a bright red rambler rose climbs to the sun.

It is too all-pervading for defini-

tion. It seems to depend above all upon two things—the play of color and light, and the sudden juxtaposition of old and new.

Who can forget its tawny sun-drenched buildings? The bright daylight of generations seems to have seeped into the ochre paint. Even on a rainy day the walls radiate stored sunshine. Sometimes everything seems to swim in sunlight as though a sea of light had swamped the city. A moment before sunset, as the horizontal shadows spread over the river and the dancing figures on St. John Lateran throw fantastic shapes across the square, the golden light spills over. Everything is golden—palaces, churches, reflections of a thousand windows.

Then, as the sun sinks on the western limit of the city, the amethyst and crimson of evening invade the parks and streets. Pine trunks turn from bronze to rose. Purple shadows gather round the churches whose domes and belfries still flash with the last gleam of the sun.

Between the seven hills the roads are lost in blue gulfs of darkness. Away on the summit of the Aventine a sky as green as glass and as clear as water fades between the line of cypress trees.

Nowhere have old and new grown together with comparable harmony. If you go down the Via del Mare, on your right you will probably notice a Renaissance palace—now, judging by the washing, a block of

flats. It catches the eye not because it is a palace—Rome has hundreds—but because of its shape. It curves away like the convex sides of the Colosseum, and the upper floors are supported with columns which remind one irresistibly of an old Roman arena. Then the truth dawns that this palace is in fact an old Roman arena—about a quarter of it—onto which, without incongruity, and with a thousand years between, the palace has been built.

If Rome were no more than a repetition of vistas which catch at the heart and set every memory of past beauty stirring, it would be enough to explain the ever returning crowds.

But Rome is much more. Most visitors carry from youth some recollection of Roman civilization. Once in the city, a thousand memories of gods and warriors, emperors and battles, of heroes crowned with the laurels of victory, of defeated kings dragged in chains at the chariot wheel, stir in the secret places of the mind.

Was it here that Horatius leapt into the river after holding the bridge? Are these the very stones upon which Caesar fell? Is that promontory, whose cliff is broken by climbing buildings and the dark of a cypress grove, the Tarpeian Rock itself, from which traitors were hurled to death—to death at our feet, here, where we stand on the modern Roman pavement?

Rome is the most haunted city in

the world. Its memories are perhaps the collective memory of the western world. A man from the West comes to Rome today with tremendous memories. His every experience is deepened by the sense of Roman roots spreading backward to the foundations of the world. Rome touches to life his sense of immortality. For a moment, as he watches the last sunlight gild the monuments on the Appian Way or sees the shadows lengthen beneath the aqueducts of the Campagna, he belongs to the ages.

But if the sense of classical antiquity can create such richness, what must be said of the other tradition: one which is not simply a memory but lives today a "beauty, ever old and ever new"? The churches and colleges and monasteries of a great world religion meet him at every turn. Here the services of the Catholic faith can be followed in unequaled splendor. Who can forget the moment in St. Peter's when, at the elevation of the Host, the crash of the Swiss Guards' pikes breaks the silence as the soldiers kneel in unison and through the great vault floats the sweet and piercing sound of silver trumpets?

These are great magnificences of the worship of God and, particularly, in this Holy Year, they will focus the mind of the pilgrim on the freedom and triumph of Christian belief.

But freedom and triumph are hardly the hallmark of Christianity

today. A few hundred miles east, bishops and priests lie in prison, the faithful face the risk of deportation and the concentration camp. Throughout Eastern Europe and Russia, and now presumably in China, to be Christian is to be an outlaw.

Many, therefore, when they come to Rome will find courage and inspiration, not so much in the glories of the basilicas and the color and magnificence of great processions and services, as in the dark chambers and secret corridors of the catacombs. There, nearly 2,000 years ago, Christianity survived every onslaught of a total state. In this labyrinth, which seems to create a second city lurking beneath imperial Rome, men and women faced and survived the same test which their spiritual descendants face today.

In the ever-recurring duel between the omnipotent claims of the Leviathan state and the unassailible rights of God, they emerged the victors. It is, therefore, from the dark of the catacombs and the crumbling cells below the Colosseum that the assurance of survival and of triumph still streams today.

For this reason the most profoundly moving monument in Rome is the quiet church of San Clemente. Below it is a 4th-century church used now for a crypt but on whose walls the ancient paintings can still be deciphered. And below the crypt itself, 30 or 40 feet below the present surface of Rome,

is the house of St. Clement, friend of St. Peter and St. Paul, a Pope martyred at the turn of the 1st century, a patrician whose house was for years a hidden Christian church.

As you stand on the uneven paving stones in the narrow corridor, and feel the damp of the earth chilling your cheek, you can hear, running beneath your feet in the cavernous dark, all the hidden waters of Rome. Then you remember that the sound was no different when, on the rude stone bench before you, St. Paul himself sat and taught and, of a sudden, his listeners held their breath and listened to the march of soldiers passing the door.

Then from the shadows there seems to come a voice, the voice of

a man who once spoke in that narrow chamber and who speaks still for Catholic priests and Protestant pastors, for unknown millions in salt mines and concentration camps. The words rise above the whisper of the underground waters, above the fears and struggles of the centuries, above the cries of beasts in the arena, and of the crowds howling for vengeance, above the furious voices of official prosecutors and the broken protests of the defense.

"Death," it cries, "Death is swallowed up in victory. Grave, where is thy victory? Death, where is thy sting?" For the city of God, the city of faith, is eternal, and when Rome itself is no more than a memory, it shall endure.



The Open Door

*M*Y JOB is to buy new books and discard the old ones for a public library. About a year ago, I noticed that our religious division was deficient in Catholic books. I asked the help of a Catholic librarian in selecting some, and then began, out of curiosity, to read them. I read a good deal. I was interested, but not convinced.

Months later, a book was brought in which had been missing for years. On our records, it had long since been marked off as lost. My assistant asked me whether, since it was so faded and shabby, it should be rebound or just thrown away. I told her I'd look it over and decide.

It was the story of the conversion of the famous English writer, Arnold Lunn, called *Now I See*. I took it home and read it.

Now I see.

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

*Big Business toes the mark when Miss Merrick speaks
for the children of the poor*

Fairy Godmother in a Wheelchair

By BILL BRINKLEY

Condensed from the Washington Post*

IN A CITY of outstanding personalities, Washington, D.C.,

Mary Virginia Merrick is one of the most remarkable—and, in a way, one of the least known. She has spent her entire life, since her teens, either in bed or in a wheelchair. She weighs perhaps 80 pounds. Her legs are paralyzed. The upper half of her body is encased in a heavy steel-and-leather jacket, extending up over her broken back and the back of her head. She cannot hold up her head very long at a time, and has to rest her chin in another leather brace.

Yet this woman launched one of the biggest enterprises for children in the history of Washington, the Christ Child society. Today, at an age past 80, she still directs the activities.

From her wheelchair she presides at monthly meetings of a 42-member board of directors. She supervises the buying of everything from real estate to footballs. She personally talks hard-headed businessmen into rais-

ing money—and charges them for the privilege.

The Christ Child society includes a settlement house at 608 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., used by 1000 children; the Christ Child Farm for Convalescent Children at Rockville, Md., with 32 beds—a new one will have 50; the Merrick Girls' camp near Annapolis, Md., where 200 girls go each summer; and an Opportunity shop in Georgetown, which retails clothing and furniture.

She personally started all these places as well as the Merrick Boys' camp, now at Nanjemoy, Md. There, each summer, 500 city boys get a taste of country life.

All, except the boys' camp, come directly under the Christ Child society, of which Miss Merrick is president. The society has branches in 37 American cities and The Hague.

Operation of so large an enterprise requires business acumen. But Miss Merrick has been known to make bankers long for reinforcements.



*Washington, D. C. Nov. 30, 1949.

"Don't ever think you can fool her $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% interest on any particular building-and-loan association," one businessman remarked. "And you had better be sharp to hold up your end of a discussion on the amortization of leasehold improvements."

In work output, Miss Merrick is said to run her board members ragged. When one member died, she was quoted as having said to a friend, "Everyone claims I'm killing off my board members. Now you know that isn't true—is it?"

Miss Merrick has no degrees in the social sciences except an honorary one. But many a professional social worker stands in awe of her methods. One described her as "one of the sharpest politicians I've ever seen."

She started the boys' camp by calling up a group of Catholic businessmen and telling them she needed someone to look after her business interests. Sometime later the businessmen were invited to a country supper at Christ Child Church farm, with Miss Merrick, in a rare trip away from her home, presiding as hostess from her wheelchair. After the dessert the businessmen suddenly became aware that they had said Yes to a plan whereby they would raise money to start a large boys' camp—and themselves cough up \$25 apiece.

"If you don't think that's a miracle," crisply said the banker, who seemed to have in mind Miss Merrick's possible canonization, "then you've never tried to raise money."

What honors man can confer have come her way: the Laetare Medal of Notre Dame, the papal cross *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*, a Cosmopolitan club award as Washington's Outstanding Citizen (Miss Merrick was the first woman so named and one of the only two women ever to receive the award), and the Siena medal presented annually to the Catholic woman selected as outstanding in the U.S. She also has an honorary degree from Georgetown university.

But official honors seldom fill out the picture of a personality. To see this remarkable woman, walk into a tree-girt home at 2 East Melrose St., Chevy Chase, Md. It looks very much like the other houses in this comfortable suburb, two-story, old, but well kept.

Walk into the back room, a medium-sized room with a narrow hospital bed along one wall, a desk, several well-filled bookcases, some religious objects on the wall, a work-table, a wheelchair.

This is the room in which Mary Virginia Merrick lives, the room which she leaves maybe twice a year, in which she daily works up to 18 hours. Her sister, Mildred Merrick, who lives with her, says, "She works all day long and her mind works at night." More literally, her schedule goes like this. She is at her desk by 9 A.M. She works until 1:30 P.M., holding committee meetings, dictating to one of three secretaries, making phone calls. At 2 she has lunch,

takes a short rest, sees people until 5, works until 7, has a light supper. At night she is frequently at work again on Society matters.

"If she's got a project going and is worried about something," one of the society members said, "she thinks nothing of phoning you at 6 A.M.—or 11 P.M."

You enter the room. In the wheelchair, her hands playing gently with a rubber band, sits a wraith of a woman. Two soft-blue eyes look at you, bore into you, but not unpleasantly when you can explain why you are taking up time which could be spent on the affairs of the society.

The woman wears a floor-length dress with a knitted shawl over her lap. The hard-leather brace can be seen extending up behind her head, the chin rest in front. Her hair is wispy, white and gray, parted on the right, knotted in back. Her eyebrows are more black than white. Her brow is astoundingly unfurrowed for a woman her age.

You sit down and she begins to talk. She speaks in an easy flow but with an extremely soft-spoken voice. You have to be quite attentive to catch all her words.

"We have no debt. What do you think of that? We borrow and beg money to build, but none of the works, none of the buildings carries any debt, except the new convalescent farm."

"The work" had its origin in a way that might have come out of a fairy tale.

The place was a red brick house at 1308 F St., N.W., where Mary Virginia Merrick was born. The building is now given over to a women's wear shop, with law offices above, but at one time F St. was a row of fashionable residences, and Mary Virginia was born into a well-to-do family. Her father, Richard T. Merrick, was a prominent lawyer.

"When I was a child," the gentle voice is saying from the wheelchair, "I saw many poor children without going very far. I felt sorry for them.

"I was 12 years old. I would take walks with my sisters. I was very well clothed, but once I saw a little girl selling matches. That was all right, I thought, but then I saw her feet were naked in the snow.

"I stopped this girl and asked, 'Aren't you cold?' 'My feet are,' was all she said. 'You come home with me and I'll give you a pair of shoes, I said. She was the same age as myself."

The shoes Miss Merrick gave away happened to be a pair of new party shoes belonging to her younger sister, who was planning to wear them for the first time that night to a party. Miss Merrick smiles and recalls that her mother made her spend the evening entertaining her partyless sister at home.

While Mary Virginia Merrick was still in her teens, "the accident" happened. Even today she much prefers not to discuss it. "I had an accident. By 18 I was an invalid."

The story is this. Mary Virginia was about 14 and was "spring house cleaning" the playhouse which Mr. Merrick had built for his seven daughters at the summer place at Ellicott City, Md. She was sitting in a window of the playhouse, washing it, when she fell out, breaking her back. Fruitless operations were performed.

So the girl who loved to dance and ride horseback returned from Ellicott City to a bed on F St., to lie in bed for the rest of her life, doctors said. And there she lay for many years.

It was in that F St. room that the memory of naked feet in the snow and a thousand like memories of the poor came to her. She started gathering other girls into her room to sew layettes. She herself sewed, lying on her back, her hands held in the air over her head.

Layettes, then other clothing for children, then Christmas gifts—this was a program which began when Miss Merrick discovered that an errand boy her wealthy father had assigned to her was expecting no Christmas gifts because he was too poor.

"Perhaps if you would write to the Christ Child . . .," Miss Merrick told him.

"Who's He?" the boy asked.

The invalid girl thought, and replied, "The Giver of Good Gifts. Bring your letter to me."

"The boy brought back 18 letters besides his own," Miss Merrick re-

members. "My neighbors," the boy explained."

Typical of Miss Merrick's enterprises is the fact that anything once started has never been dropped. Today the 1400 members of the Christ Child society still make layettes for the poor. For this honor they pay \$1 a year—typical, too, of Miss Merrick's beautifully successful methods. Each member must also give a present to at least one poor child every Christmas.

Settlement work was started. Then someone brought a destitute child to see Miss Merrick, and said, "You know, she needs the country." Result: a program to send city children to spend a couple of weeks with farmers around Washington, the beginnings of the boys' and girls' camps.

Money was solicited. "I remember we sent an appeal to President Harrison, and Mrs. Harrison sent \$25, a big gift for those days." Penny banks were put into houses, money sought on Washington street corners.

Miss Merrick found out that sick children frequently need places to recuperate after leaving the hospital. Ultimate result: the convalescent farm for children, first in the Washington area.

The Christ Child society was incorporated in 1903. "Each thing grew to meet a need. Every good work grows," the thin voice was saying from the wheelchair. "I claim that anything that isn't necessary

doesn't grow. We've never aimed at anything that wasn't needed. I never knew what we would develop. 'I'll do what's needed,' that's all I ever knew. I'll do what's needed today."

A group of skilled Italian immigrant workmen came to Washington to help build Union station.

"People were prejudiced against them because they were dark. People went around saying they came over here just to fill their pockets and take the money home, not to help America. Of course, they came over here, quite naturally, to make some money and take it home. Many of them stayed to become some of our best citizens, too."

In a little yellow house almost in the shadow of Union station, Miss Merrick set up a settlement especially for the Italians. It was one of a half dozen settlement houses she had going.

The other day three successful businessmen who frequented that house as children turned up at Miss Merrick's home to thank her.

"I wish you'd go down and see it," Miss Merrick told us firmly, talking about the main settlement house on Massachusetts Ave. "I don't see how you're going to write a thing without that."

I went, and saw youngsters boxing, playing basketball, learning handicrafts, the girls learning sewing, cooking, and how to set a table. And getting free dental care. It was a place to go instead of the streets. There's a Merrick Boys' club there.

The settlement house and the convalescent farm are supported today by the Community Chest.

Miss Merrick's influence is incalculable. Someone said there wasn't a Catholic pastor in town who hasn't felt it. Some Georgetown university students heard of her "work," held a dance, and raised \$900 to help; then visited her, stayed hours to talk. Foreign social workers passing through Washington are astounded to hear of this invalid's work, go out to Chevy Chase to see her.

People hear about her in various ways, and if they follow through are likely to find themselves caught up in one of her projects. An out-of-town businessman apparently had a very successful dinner at the Statler hotel, for he left a \$50 tip. He was not drunk. By an imaginable effort, the waiter succeeded in recovering his voice and told his free-handed customer what he was going to do with the money. He was going to give it to a convalescent farm in the Washington suburbs where his son had been a patient.

The customer idly inquired about this farm, and the waiter, his tongue now really loosed, told him about Miss Merrick.

The man asked if he could meet her. It was arranged. Next day he went out, heard of her newest project, a larger home for the convalescent farm. Before he left, he had promised to match whatever she had raised for it. He wrote out a check for \$20,000.

This quarter-million dollar project will be on Rockville pike, just beyond the Naval hospital.

Mary Virginia Merrick, the 80-pound woman who for more than threescore years has never left her

bed except to go to her wheelchair, has a way of getting what she wants. A good thing it has been, too, for the children. They, all questions of sainthood aside, will never forget her.



Lo - ri - a in ex-cel - sis De - o.

Mocquereau: Lion of Song

By JUSTINE WARD

Condensed from the *Benedictine Review**

THE MONKS of Solesmes were in exile. They had been driven out of France some 20 years earlier for the sole crime of belonging to a Religious Congregation, and had settled on the beautiful Isle of Wight. They built a monastery on the site of a 10th-century Benedictine ruin at Quarr. The new building was constructed of warm, golden-red brick and was a bit Oriental in conception. It stood on rich land sloping gently down to the shore of the Solent, among great oaks and elms, rolling lawns and pasture lands covered with grazing cattle.

I had come there to hear their Gregorian chant. I had read all Dom Mocquereau's books on rhythm and had seen him direct groups of singers. That was when he came to New York in 1920 to preside at the International Congress of Gregorian Chant.

He was an old man by then, with deep, kindly, mystical eyes that could flash with indignation when things did not go as he wished. After the Congress, he had said to me, "One thing worries me greatly." "What is that?" I asked. "That you know nothing." "Nothing? Then will you teach me?" He consented,

*Mount St. Scholastica College, Atchison, Kan. Winter, 1950.

and that is why I had come to Quarr abbey—to learn.

The first chanting I heard at Quarr astonished me. I expected something more rich, more dramatic. I expected more striking contrasts in rhythm and nuances. You see, I came as a worldly, secular musician, rather than as a worshiper.

"You must get rid of that artistic approach," Dom Mocquereau used to remark. As the weeks and months rolled by, what had seemed at first a bit colorless, a bit over-restrained for me, went through a gradual change. I was in process of getting a higher education. I was becoming attuned to the sound of music which spoke to God alone. Here were sounds too sincere to be dramatized, too true for "effects" or artifices. I swung to the opposite extreme, and renounced artistic standards. What could it matter, I persuaded myself, if the great cantor intoned flat? That great, strutting cantor who was reputed to take a single breath as he dipped his finger in the holy-water font on entering the church, and the next breath as he made his exit several hours later. What could it matter, indeed, if he intoned flat? I had wondered, at first, whether it might not have been worth his while to take another breath or two and sing true to pitch.

He was aging, growing deaf, and did not know it. Others, however, did. Dom Mocquereau would shudder at each false intonation and mutter under his breath. But there

was nothing he could do about it.

It seemed that Dom Mocquereau was telling me, "Listen to the chorus, note the perfect ensemble, how the monks keep in step without a shade of rigidity. Watch the movements about the altar: a noble pageant, disciplined but without a shade of militarism. At the Gloria Patri notice how the monks bend down, all together, as naturally as a wheat field touched by a slight breeze. Watch how the kiss of peace in the Mass passes from monk to monk as in a sacred ballet conceived by a Fra Angelico." Of course these were not the recommendations of Dom Mocquereau, to whom all these things had become mere routine, but only the impressions of his student who had not yet cast off the worldly artist's point of view.

Day by day, liturgical splendor unfolded itself before the eyes of the few visitors, but it was not performed for them. One alone was object of this perfection of song and gesture. The sense of His presence animated each note, each phrase, each movement, while clouds of incense rose in spiral designs in an aerial dance that flooded the church with rays of perfume and patterns of light.

It was the centenary of the birth of André Mocquereau that brought back my memories. I remember Dom Mocquereau handing back my exercise uncorrected because my words and music had not been aligned exactly. Dom Mocquereau,

weighing a musical phrase with his hands. Dom Mocquereau watching my own awkward efforts, and remarking, "This may be a strange thing for an old monk to say to a young woman, but you are certainly not graceful!" Alas, at that time, grace was the least of my preoccupations.

Solesmes is famous for its work in restoring the Gregorian chant. It was the genius of Dom Mocquereau, his courage in battle against enemies within and without, that won and brought the musical peace that reigns today in the monastic world.

Dom Mocquereau, if still alive, would be a hundred years old. June 6, 1849, a boy was born in a little village near Cholet in Brittany, was baptized that same day and given the name of André. His father carried on a small trade in linen. The boy received a serious musical education, and as a young man played the cello part in the quartets of Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, and Beethoven with a group of his companions. The cello, strings broken, was exhibited at Solesmes on the day of the centenary.

Young Mocquereau was mobilized in 1870, and wounded. As he lay on a pile of straw near the door of a barn he was noticed by two charitable ladies who nursed him back to health in their home. He was then a dashing young officer with large, flashing black eyes, bristling, black moustaches, worn stiff,

standing out from each side of his mouth according to the fashion of the day. Soon the cello joined the family group. It may, perhaps, have spoken more ardent messages to the charming sisters than was intended. Yet, grateful as he was for their care, the young officer left for France and bade farewell to the sisters immediately after his demobilization. He had plans of his own which involved neither marriage nor a professional musician's career.

He had decided to give his life to God. Music was to be cast out of his life absolutely. He applied at the monastery of St-Pierre de Solesmes where he was received as a postulant. The monastic vocation to him meant the complete abandonment of music, the art that had been a delight. He renounced it forever, sincerely, completely. He knew, of course, that he would chant the Offices with the other monks, but he did not consider chant to be music. It was a dull, drab, necessary evil, to be endured though disliked.

The experiments for restoring the chant were still mere gropings in the dark. Some manuscripts had been copied in libraries by two monks assigned to this task by the first Abbot of Solesmes, Dom Guéranger. One of them, Dom Joseph Pothier, had published a volume, *Les Mélodies Grégoriennes*, embodying some of their joint conclusions. Dom Pothier was choirmaster at Solesmes. The rude, untrained voices of the monastic choir failed to charm young

Mocquereau. He would have laughed at the idea of devoting his life to the defense of his master, Dom Pothier, in a formidable work of Gregorian research, the *Paléographie Musicale*. He still found the chant boring, rude, colorless, and uncouth.

In the quiet of his cell, Dom Mocquereau was preparing an Offertory for the feast of a martyr, "Thou hast placed, O Lord, on his head a crown of precious stones." He hummed the melody softly. Fascinated, astonished, he exclaimed, "Why this is music, real music, beautiful music." He reached for his cello, tuned it, and played the melody, very *legato*. That was the moment of his conversion. The Offertory *Posuisti* was the blinding light which, as in the conversion of St. Paul, reversed the direction of his entire life. From a hater of Gregorian chant, Dom Mocquereau became its most distinguished apostle.

While still a novice, Dom Mocquereau was charged with the direction of the choir. The abbot realized that in this young monk he had a musician of talent and training. Then began the unfolding of a world of unsuspected beauty. The chant at the Abbey of Solesmes attracted musicians from Paris and from even farther afield. The crowds came to listen to a "novelty," a "musical curiosity"—and they stayed to pray. Writers raved. And, naturally, opposition was aroused, organized, fanned with fury by financial inter-

ests involved in the existing editions. Year after year, offense and defense filled reams of paper.

"Opposition has always been precious to me," Dom Mocquereau used to say in after years; "it forced me to dig down to rock-bottom facts. Without the opposition, I might never have done all that work."

Fortunately, Dom Mocquereau had patience and scientific integrity as well as artistic insight. Nothing was too minute to be cast aside as trivial. Patiently he continued to clear away rubbish that hid the true character of the Gregorian rhythm. He developed a theory that was marvelous in its clarity and logic, so simple, indeed, that little children could grasp it and sing the praises of God devoutly. Not only was Gregorian chant revealed, but music in general profited by the light thrown on the subject of rhythm.

While the battle still raged in the realm of Gregorian rhythm, we began to hear whispers, at Quarr abbey, of a return to France. The laws against Religious Congregations were still in force; technically, the monks were still criminals, but it was becoming rather awkward for the French government to enforce these laws. During the 1st World War, the exiled French monks had volunteered to return to their country and fight in the army. Others followed. Some did not return. The government could not exile the dead bodies left on the field of battle, nor those who had been decorated for

bravery with the *Croix de Guerre*. So the monks began to leak back into France by groups of two and three at a time.

I remember visiting the Abbey of Solesmes before the return of the monks. The property had been confiscated, and the building used as a hospital during the war. It was filthy, full of rubbish. The grounds were overgrown with thorns and thistles. The entire monastery property was squeezed into an oblong space between a road and a river. It lacked the charm of the generous lands of Quarr. The church was long, high, and narrow, with some 15th-century sculpture, but the whole place gave the impression of an untidy wilderness without, and suffocation within. Yet it was home to the older monks.

The paleographical work redou-

bled in force and extent. Vocations poured into the monastery. Young, fresh voices gave velvet to the choir. A new cantor replaced the old. The Offices resumed their splendor. Visitors, like flies, overcrowded the tiny village of Solesmes and spread into the neighboring town of Sablé.

The return to his native land was one of the final joys to be given Dom Mocquereau, with that deeper satisfaction that his work had triumphed over so many years of opposition. His last days were full of serenity. He who had been known in his Community as The Lion, had become a very gentle lamb. He died in 1929. He had worked long and hard for God's honor. Like St. Paul, he had fought the good fight, and now it remained for him merely to receive the promised reward, the "crown of precious stones."



Interpreter

IN MILWAUKEE, the German literati gave a select dinner, at the end of which Madame Modjeska rose, drank their health, and asked if she might show her appreciation by giving them a short Polish recitation. I quote Otis Skinner, who was one of the guests: "Her liquid voice became by turns melancholy and gay, impassioned, tragic, light with happiness and blighting with bitterness. There was not a note in the gamut of emotions she did not touch. She finished with a recurrent rhythm, fateful and portentous. We were clutched by the spell. We didn't know what it was about, but we knew it was something tremendous. In the silence after she had ended, someone asked, 'What was it, Madame? What was it?' She answered with a sly smile, 'I merely recited the alphabet.'"

From *Family Circle* by Cornelia Otis Skinner (Houghton Mifflin, 1948).

*You can't even drive a car safely without avoiding
the seven sources of all wrong*

Seven Sins On Wheels

By JAN STRUTHER

Condensed from a book* and
This Week Magazine†



DANGEROUS driving, like all human faults, can be traced to one or another of the seven capital sins: pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. They are the chief reasons why people commit sin, and they're also the chief reason why people indulge in crazy driving.

In using the seven capital sins for a lesson on bad driving we have a certain amount of trouble applying lust to road faults—unless of course, we apply it to the young man who habitually drives with his right arm around a blonde. This would be harsh, perhaps, but in point of fact necking and petting are among the worst dangers of the road.

The other six sins present no difficulty, as any journey on a crowded highway will prove.

Pride is defined as the inordinate seeking of one's own excellence. That's what the road hog does. He's

proud of himself, he's proud of his car; he's proud of his nerve and skill in holding to the center of the road, cutting in, showing off, driving on his brakes and his horn.

Anger is the unreasonable opposition to a person or thing. The angry driver is always on the lookout for other driver's faults. He enjoys nothing so much as an orgy of righteous indignation. He's the kind of man who, exasperated by a long and trying crawl behind a deaf truck driver, eventually takes the risk of passing on a curve, head turned well over shoulder to let out a volley of abuse. The incident, on the whole, gives him pleasure: he will dine out on it—if he lives to dine.

Envy: that's sadness over somebody's good fortune because it detracts from one's own excellence. The envious driver feels sore because his car isn't as fast as others on the road. Instead of accepting its

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†Jan. 15, 1950, copyright, 1950, United Newspapers Corp., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

limitations with good grace, he perpetually over-drives it. Nobody's going to pass him without a battle.

Gluttony is the inordinate desire for food and drink. Of the gluttonous driver there is little need to speak. Everyone knows what risks the driver takes who drives after drinking too much liquor.

Covetousness is the inordinate seeking of temporal goods. The covetous driver commits his crimes indirectly. He may be the most careful driver in the world, but he runs his tires until they are smooth as glass, skimps on overhauls, and grudges the expense of having his brakes relined. He may not have to go out on the road himself at all. He may own a fleet of trucks and force his drivers to work exhaustingly long hours. This is homicide made subtle.

Lastly there is sloth. Sloth is the neglect of one's duty because it requires physical labor. The slothful driver is the most dangerous of the lot. His physical idleness is bad

enough—he cuts corners, cannot be bothered to give signals, and slumps down in his seat so that he does not get a clear view of the road. His mental idleness is worse still—he lets his attention wander, his judgment grow slack; he makes no effort to visualize the consequences of his own actions or to put himself in the other driver's place. And his moral idleness is the worst of all—he has allowed his sense of responsibility to atrophy. He just doesn't give a darn.

The seven deadly sinners are as pretty a crew of rascals as ever cluttered the highway. In Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* they were suitably mounted. Pride, significantly enough, lolled back in her coach (which Satan drove). Her six live counselors rode respectively upon a wolf, a goat, a lion, a swine, a camel, and an ass. That was in Queen Elizabeth's time. Today, you may meet any or all of them behind the wheel of a high-powered convertible.



Bad-Neighbor Policy

A RESIDENT owned a goat. His next-door neighbor was the tax assessor, and did not particularly relish the goat so close to him, so he taxed his neighbor's animal \$4.

The owner of the goat wanted to know why.

"That is strictly in accordance with the statutes," replied the tax assessor.

"I demand the proof," retorted the irate owner.

The assessor thereupon read from the official records, "All property abutting and abounding on the public street shall be taxed at the rate of \$2 per front foot."

Financial Post.



*A missionary must be polite,
especially with his head at stake*

The Worm-Eating Head-Hunters

By C. MEUWESE, M.S.C.

Condensed from *The Annals of Our Lady of
The Sacred Heart**

WHEN we had made friends with the natives and rubbed chins with them, according to custom, we were offered food—sago worms roasted in sago flour. Each of our hosts would bite off a piece of the tidbit and put the rest into our mouths. As a missionary you can't be squeamish, you can't risk losing the good will of the people: so, down with the morsel.

For the last 12 years I have been stationed among these head-hunters in the New Guinea wilds. It was hard to change the ferocious character of the people and fill them with a true Christian spirit. Today there are 3,500 Catholics in the district, good Catholics. Our young converts opposed the cruel custom of head-hunting by force of arms against their pagan elders. In a similar way they broke with the tradition that, at the death of a man, a woman, excited to utmost frenzy, had to hang herself. They would cut her liana halter in time to save her life.

At the beginning of September,

1948, Father John Verschueren and I set out to explore the possibilities of a new mission along the Casuarine coast. We intended to follow the Cooks river to its mouth. But we soon came to realize that our boat was drifting in an altogether different direction. This watercourse had never been charted; we had discovered a new river! It first flows through swampy tracts, then widens to more than 300 feet, and reaches a width of nearly 1,900 feet at its mouth. We named this stately stream the Queen Juliana after the queen of Holland, since we happened to discover it on Sept. 6, the day of her coronation.

Government officials at Merauke would not believe our discovery, but an American party flew over the region and confirmed our report. Later, Her Majesty and members of her family and cabinet expressed a lively interest in the new discovery.

Our objective was to make contact with the natives. After a 36-hour journey, we met the first people—

some 600 men returning from a head-hunting expedition. They took us for ghosts, as they had never seen white men before. They held up their long paddles, which have a spearpoint at the upper end, ready to defend themselves. When we displayed beads, mirrors, knives, and hatchets, they became friendly. Canoes swarmed around us. As soon as our boat lay in the shallow waters along the bank, I beckoned the boldest among the crowd to have some beads. Before long, the whole flotilla was lying alongside, and my bag was empty. We were allowed to stay overnight. Before retiring, Father Verschueren took his accordion and played some tunes near a smoldering camp fire. I executed some sort of hornpipe dance. This was to make the natives realize that they were with peaceful people.

Early next morning we set out again, the natives anxious to help us. Groundwork for the future was laid.

On arriving at another village, we saw no one. Tree trunks lay over the swampy stretch in front of the settlement. Balancing ourselves across the slippery stems, we reached the first house and waited. We knew that a hundred eyes were watching us from behind a screen of verdure, but Europeans are not sharp enough to detect life in such conditions. One of our carriers became impatient and took a stroll along what you might call Main street. Suddenly he snatched at something, and drew a little

girl out of the swamp by her hair. The tot squealed like a pig. We brought her into the next house, put some mirrors and sticks of tobacco near by, then withdrew to our former camp in the friendly village.

This tactic regularly spells success; it did here, and within a short time. At midnight, just when I was falling asleep in my tent, I heard steps outside. Flashing my lantern into the darkness, I spied some indistinct figures scampering off as fast as they could. I dressed and went out. Near the hut of the chieftain a group of people was standing, and, upon my inquiry, I was told that envoys from the last village wished to talk with me. They invited me to come to their place the next day. I accepted the invitation and, as an inducement, gave a hatchet to each of the emissaries, who went home as happy as children on Christmas day. I knew we would be welcome.

Later I succeeded in engaging a boy, with the willing permission of his parents, to guide us through the populated district. With him as our companion, we went to every village, and natives did not flee at our approach. The presence of this youth inspired trust and confidence. In our estimate, the population numbers more than 15,000, a fact which warrants a mission station.

The tribe along the Queen Julianá river is called Awjoos. They are primitives, still living in the Stone Age. Their axes and other tools are

made of stone. The women wear grass skirts but the men often think a hat is enough for the climate.

Our own clothes drew great admiration; children would touch and pull at them. I took off my shoes and stockings to show the people that my feet were like theirs; everybody came to examine them and felt how soft they were, tickling me no end, while my confrere laughed at my discomfort.

What the Awojos lack in clothing, they make up in ornaments. Strange to say, it is the men who prink most. Their kinky hair is lengthened with sago fibers or seed silk plaited in. Sometimes the head is adorned with cassowary and parrot feathers. Head, arms, and waist are usually encircled with braided bands. Around the neck they sport shells, pig or wallaby teeth, and (especially the women) even coils of snake skins. Most peculiar is their custom of piercing their noses to gain additional space for ornaments—not unlike the way our women wear earrings. The operation is painful. It is done with a wooden punch. Many lose consciousness, but they endure the pain for the sake of more "charm." They wear such things as sea shells, pieces of bones, and rings of bamboo in their noses. Whoever accomplishes most in this native "beauty" contest has the best chance of winning a wife. I found one dandy who had wedged a two-inch bamboo ring into his nose. When he obligingly removed this

ornament, the tip of his nose flapped down on his chin.

Strange, too, are the settlements. The entrances are untidy, with tree trunks, lying as they fell, littering the approaches. Yet there is a system in this confusion; the trunks serve as pavements across marshy ground. The houses are primitive, constructed with saplings, and covered with sago-palm leaves. The men and women live in separate quarters, a custom indicative of a low standard of family life.

The houses for men, one or two in number, are built on the ground and are quite spacious. Between every two men a small fire is kept, with smoke escaping where it may. To enhance the atmosphere of such a he-man's lodgings, ornamented human skulls, alternating with empty coconuts, hang on strings from the rafters. Some heads line shelves along the walls, together with a dreadful collection of human bones with shreds of muscle still on them!

The missionary must accept the proffered hospitality, though it be an ordeal for him. I must say that I have slept well in those houses, except when one of the sleepers was oppressed by a nightmare. In such a case the whole company soon awakens, and bedlam breaks loose; for the natives are extremely superstitious and interpret any feelings of fear as an attack of evil spirits.

The women's houses are aeries built in trees. We felt like dwarfs in front of these "skyscrapers" and

wondered how a lady with a weak heart or rheumatism would ever get up there. Father Verschueren climbed up to one of the bowers. With a rope he measured its height, more than 80 feet.

The houses are used till the building material rots away, that is every eight months or so; and since by that time the food supply has run short, the people simply move elsewhere. Sun and rain finish the ruin, and soon a curtain of verdure falls on that empty stage of life.

The Awjoos' main nourishment consists of the roasted sago worms. The worms are found in the pith of the sago palm, where they grow fat on the decaying tree. To speed that process, palms are cut to rot on the ground, in proportion to food demand. By and by a whole area is deforested, with stumps sticking out everywhere. Nature takes care of the reforestation program. The natives merely make a mass exodus to another land of worms. How do the sago worms taste? Well, not bad at all. We did not dislike them; they reminded us of cracklings (the crisp residue of bacon, when the fat has been fried out), but a little tougher. Occasionally the Awjoos vary their worm diet with the meat of wild pigs, wallabies, and cassowaries, whose bones are strung up on the front gable of the men's quarters as hunting trophies. This food is more than sufficient; the people thrive on it. We met some herculean types who could go in for prize fighting.

The gruesome head-hunting practice remains difficult to reason out. Ethnologists have only theories that head-hunting is practiced for religious, ritualistic purposes.

When a child is born, a fresh human skull must be hunted to give the child a name from the last utterance of the victim, and to insure the infant's vitality; the death of a human provides for the life of the baby. A marriage will remain childless unless the young man kills two men of another tribe and brings home their skulls. Freshly cut human heads must dangle from the arms of the bride at the marriage ceremony if their union is to prosper.

On returning from a head-hunting trip, the tribesmen cut a tree in the forest and bring it with great pomp to the village without ever letting it touch ground on their way home. It is planted in the center of the settlement and hung with the captured heads. Then the head-hunters celebrate their successful expedition with wild dances.

In my present parish, the Mappi district, the natives had been head-hunting for years along the Digul river. Thousands of the weaker Digul tribesmen were slain in the course of time. Now you can walk for days in that neighborhood without seeing an inhabited settlement. Yet the Gospel of love has taken root in the hearts of the Mappi head-hunters. I am praying that the newly discovered Awjoos will also accept the message of Christ.

*They have mottoes for the state,
the employer, and all of us*



Dorothy Day's Workers For Revolution

By ANNE FREMANTLE

Condensed from the *Catholic World**

IT IS 17 years now since the first issue of the *Catholic Worker* appeared. A few months later, the first House of Hospitality was opened in a tenement to house 12 homeless women. Since then, Dorothy Day's combination of charity and mortification as means toward social justice have been remarkably successful.

The circulation of the *Catholic Worker* has been as high as 200,000, and there are Houses of Hospitality in the slums of many of the big cities: in New York's Chinatown, on Mott St.; in Rochester, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and in Upton, Mass., and Ramsey, Ill.

In addition, there are two farms, as nearly self-supporting as they can be made, one near Newburgh, N.Y., on Route 17 K, where Dorothy herself spends at least half her time, and one at South Lyons, Mich. In these, as in the Houses of Hospitality, all who come are made welcome, are housed and fed, and may remain for as long as they wish. As

long as they stay, they are invited to share in the alternation of work and of prayer, in Mass and dishwashing, in Benediction and ditch-digging.

Besides the Houses of Hospitality and the farms, there are, scattered all over the U.S., people who have done spells of work with Dorothy, or who have been helped and have gone on. Among them are nearly 100 couples who met and married while working with Dorothy, and who have founded Catholic Worker families all over the country.

Life today at the House of Hospitality on Mott St. is very different from what it was before the invention of DDT. "Bugs are no problem now," says Dorothy. "Anyone can sleep on the floor."

In the old days, no one could. No matter how clean the floor was kept, the bugs came in from neighboring houses, or perhaps from the neighbors. As Dorothy says, "Antique plumbing, cold water, no baths, worn wood full of splinters, tin ceilings, make for a place that gets

pretty dirty. Sometimes it rains or snows, and then the 2,000 feet of the bread line tracking the muck in from the street make the place hopeless. But if we waited until we had a clean place before we started to feed and house people, we'd be waiting a long time, and people would go hungry."

Though the bugs are banished, Mott St. goes on getting cleaned and staying dirty. But, clean or dirty, there's always enough food for the bread line. Even for emergencies. In the 1936-37 strike there were 1,500 seamen a day, in addition to the regulars, the bums and misfits. And even Dorothy Day confesses that "together with the wrench at the heart," she feels "a certain house-wifely pride that the food is there."

Dorothy Day's idea is that to change the whole social order so that works of mercy will not be needed, everyone must first become responsible, a neighbor—that is, truly Christian. Meanwhile, she herself must do the works of mercy. By sharing the poverty of those she helps, she brings them to share in her charity; as she says, these down-and-outs and unemployables often put her to shame.

She tells, for example, of one of her bread-line regulars, who stayed on daily to help with the washing-up, and looked sicker and thinner each day he came. He was not sleeping in, as the house was full, and someone told Dorothy he was sleeping in doorways on 3rd Ave. Doro-

thy scolded him, "You should have told me you had no place to sleep. We have an arrangement with a place round the corner, where we can put anyone up for 30 cents."

"I know," he said, "Joe told me. But I didn't want to put you to that extra expense on my account. I know how much you can do with 30 cents."

Up at the Newburgh farm, the cook is a volunteer. He is a remarkable cook—the food is first rate and ample, and he could easily earn a big salary. He has often to serve three meals a day to between 50 and 60 people. The kitchen isn't any too spacious, and there are people running in and out, under (and on) his feet all the time. Yet he never seems to get rattled, and all he gets is his tobacco. Dorothy says, "I have to ask him if he has enough—he is far too modest to ask."

Dorothy was eight in the San Francisco earthquake, and remembers that that was the first time she saw how disaster makes people neighborly. "Mother had complained before how clannish California people were. But then all the hard crust of worldly reserve and prudence was shed. Mother and all our neighbors were busy from morning to night, cooking hot meals. They stripped themselves to the bone in giving. While the crisis lasted, people loved one another."

As she grew, Dorothy wished everyone would see all life as just such a crisis. Even at eight, she

loved the rigorous life. "I remember the joy I got out of dishwashing, out of having a part in the family's concerns. It was wearisome, too, of course. But it had to be done, and I knew even then it would always have to be done." Graduated from high school at 16, she went to the University of Illinois, where she remained two years, but says, "To this day I haven't the slightest idea what I learned in classes. All my education had come from outside."

In New York, she first got work on the *Call*, a morning paper, and lived in a cold-water tenement. "I enjoyed that winter in the slums," she said, "and have never lived any place else." Any apartment in any town is for her a tenement, and she'd rather be on the lower East side than on Park Ave.

When she was 18, she was a trifle confused politically, she admits. "I wasn't sure whether I was a socialist, a syndicalist (IWW), or an anarchist. When I read Tolstoi, I was an anarchist; my allegiance to the *Call* kept me a socialist, although a left-wing one, and my Americanism inclined me to the IWW." She interviewed Trotsky, and learned from him something she still believes, "When people seek to win the state, they are won by the state."

Dorothy is still against all encroachments by the state, against state social services, state aid, state ownership; against lobbying, or any seeking of social justice through parliamentary means. "You may be

forced to use them, but they are makeshift ways to better a few of the average people's lot. And little good can ever come of or from the state."

Not to improve society, but to change the whole social order, she repeats again and again, is her aim. And, indeed, political activity is, to her, the antithesis of Catholic action, which must proceed from inside out, from mutual aid, and not from legislation. Twice she went to prison, once as a suffragist, and spent ten days in solitary confinement on hunger strike.

Her conversion to Catholicism took place at a time when she was very happy, living with her husband and her baby on Staten Island. "I came to God to say 'Thank You,' not because I wanted anything from Him," she relates.

Five years later, when she was reporting the hunger march of the communist Unemployed Councils, the late Peter Maurin, originally a French peasant, and a Catholic workman and writer deeply concerned with social problems, read her articles and got in touch with her. It was he who gave Dorothy the idea of the Catholic Worker movement, and together they planned the *Catholic Worker* paper. He proposed round-table discussions, houses of hospitality and farming communes, based upon the philosophy that voluntary poverty and works of mercy are techniques to put over a program and to tell the

workers that the Catholic Church has a social program, and to educate them to take their full part in it.

During the war, Dorothy's pacifism lost her a host of friends; and, today, the *Catholic Worker* paper still editorially rejects the draft, and urges its readers to refuse even to register. Yet this is but a counsel: it is, Dorothy insists, something everyone has got to decide for himself. In the 1st World War, she herself was a nurse, and loved her work; in the 2nd World War, many of her young people enlisted, and most did not resist being drafted; the Catholic Worker CO's were in a very definite minority.

"It is good that we live in a country where we can be CO's," Dorothy says, and tells how, in the 2nd World War, "we had lots of visits from the FBI at Mott St., and they were most interested in our discussions, and seemed most tolerant of our point of view." And the Vatican has sent the *Catholic Worker* a very full and special blessing, to all on the staff, and all connected with the paper.

To live in voluntary poverty among the involuntary poor, and to prepare the Christian revolution by learning to be Christians, is the core of Dorothy's as it was of Peter's message.

Fiercely decentralist, she wants factories to be part-owned by the

workers, and set in green fields. Every worker also should have his own home, his garden, and ideally, his three acres and a cow.

"I don't want people just to want more things, but to want to make more things. I want people to grow more of their own food, and make more of their own clothes. When there's a war, we're all told to grow more and more food. As soon as it's over, we're told that we shouldn't grow any food, that it's uneconomical. That doesn't make sense," Dorothy says scornfully.

And she is indignant because it is only in prisons and asylums that people are taught to make things. "Almost the only place flax is grown in America," she says, "is in prison yards and the grounds of institutions. In fact, when I meet anyone with a skill or a craft, I'm pretty sure he's done time." Everyone realizes the value of making things. Why, she asks, wait until people are naughty or nuts?

Begun in the depression, flourishing through hot war and cold war, Dorothy and her movement go on, declaring that the only cure for humanity is a Christian revolution.

"It's the only revolution that's never been tried," Dorothy says. Its motto for the employer is "Quit exploiting"; for the state, "Quit expanding"; and for us all, "Quit evil."

Children Paying for War

Condensed from a booklet*

THese are some of the children being helped by the Bishops' Relief Fund.

Germany

GRETTEL is six years old. She was born in an old stone house in Upper Silesia. Her mother tells her that her great-grandfather, her grandfather and her father were all born there. It must have been a good house, for sometimes Gretel's mother talks of the beds and tables and chairs, the linens, silver, and pictures which they treasured. Gretel has never seen silver, linen, nor great paintings. She has never used tables nor chairs. She does not remember ever sleeping in a bed.

Gretel was two years old when, with her father and mother, brothers and sisters, and most of their neighbors, she was taken from the old stone house. They were herded into boxcars on long trains and sent westward.

The war was over but there were soldiers everywhere. Some of the soldiers, the Americans,

gave goods to the people in the boxcars. Finally the expellees were taken from the cars and set in towns along the line. Gretel's family was given a room in an attic. Seven of them, Gretel's father and mother, her two brothers and her two sisters, huddled there. In winter they had no heat. In summer the sun blazed down upon them. For a time they had a food ration, just enough food to keep them alive.

Gretel's father tried to find work. So did her brothers. But work was scarce, and the people of the town did not want those newcomers.

The people who owned the attic said they needed it for their relatives. Gretel's family moved to a cellar. In four years they have moved seven times, and each move has worsened their condition. They live now in a wretched hovel. They have no stove, water, nor beds. They sleep, huddled in old army blankets, on a stone floor. They eat the food of the charity of their neigh-



*Handbook for Teachers. Bishops' Fund headquarters, 350 Fifth Ave.,

bors, and most of their neighbors are too poor to give any real aid.

Gretel has one dress which she wears summer and winter. She has one pair of shoes, much too large for her thin feet. She has never had a book. She does not go to school. Once in a while a priest comes to the town, and Gretel and her father and mother and sisters and brothers go to Mass. The priest must come a long way, all the way from the camp at Königstein. He comes in all weathers. He is an old man, but he walks nearly 100 miles every week, visiting many parishes. "My poor people," he sighs, never thinking of his own poverty.

Gretel does not know the Mass, but she knows that the priest at the altar is offering to God the Sacrifice which the Son of God made for mankind. She prays the only prayer she knows, *Heilige Maria, Mutter Gottes*, and asks the Mother of God to help her helpless children.

France

ANNETTE is very small for her ten years. She is not much higher than her school desk when she stands up to recite her lesson. But Sister Marie Céleste smiles at her, and the children in the schoolroom listen quietly, for Annette is a good student.

"I like to study," she tells Sister Marie Céleste. "I like to study here."

Then she grows silent, and Sister does not smile. The other children look at them both with sadness. For they know what Annette and Sister Marie Céleste are thinking: some-

day, all of us will go to the government school, where we will be given free meals. But Sister Marie Céleste will not be there. The teaching of God will not be there.

They have heard their fathers and mothers talking. Over and over they have heard the words of protest or of sadness. Annette, like the others, has heard them.

"But what can we do?" her father asked. "We are poor. The school is poor. The Church has no money. And children must have food!"

Yes, children must have food. Annette knows that. So do all the others who, with her, look up toward the crucifix high upon the schoolroom wall. Looking, they know that there is another food which children need, the food of faith. If they are taken from this school, they will not have that food. No more will they make ready for Christmas with the *Adeste Fideles* and the lovely *Noël*. No more will they prepare, as a class, day after day, for the sacraments. No more will they say the Lord's Prayer together every morning. No more will they chant in chorus, *Sainte Marie, Mère de Dieu*. For the Sisters will go away. Unless....

Italy

SOMETIMES—when the sun is warm, and when he has had something, almost anything to eat—Tonio is happy. Then he does not shiver in his miserably dirty rags as he goes along the road. Then he does not plan how he can beg or perhaps

steal money for another meal. Then he does not hate the men who roll by in their long cars. Then he does not shout defiance at the tourists.

In these few moments Tonio can forget the rest of his day. He can forget the cave on the mountainside. Even for a cave, it is a wretched place, low, evil-smelling, crowded with men and women and children who have had no other home for years. Even for the rich, Naples is overcrowded. For the poor, there is discomfort, families of ten and 12 living in one room. For the destitute, people like Tonio, there are only the caves for shelter.

Tonio is an orphan. His father was killed in the war; and his mother died when their home was shattered by a bomb. With other homeless boys, Tonio wandered over the roads of war-torn Italy. He was one of the smallest of those wanderers, for he was then only six years old. Now he is 11—but he has the hard look of many more years. In these past five years he has been a struggling waif.

His companions are all older than he. Some of them are not evil boys; but some of them are old in crime. They troop the roads together, sometimes stopping a peasant on his way from market and demanding money from him. They dodge the police. They beg when they can.

Some of the older boys say that communism will bring money and ease to everyone. Tonio does not quite believe that but he is begin-

ning to hope that they may be right. Someday he will have fine clothes, a fine house, cigarettes—all for nothing!

He goes to no church, although he secretly blesses himself when he passes a church. If the older boys would not see him, he would go in; but he fears their scorn. He knows he wants something even more than food, clothes, or even a house. He does not know what to call it, but it has something to do with the Church he denies.

Someone has told him that there are in Italy homes for boys like himself, places where boys are cared for and taught. "I wouldn't go to one of them," Tonio sneers, but his dark eyes grow wistful as he thinks of what such a home would do for him. But he has little hope, for the homes are already overcrowded. Only if many more such homes can be opened and kept up is there a chance for the Tonios.

In a little while it will be too late. Already Tonio has learned ways that no good boy should ever know.

Sometimes at night, before he goes into the dreadful cave on the mountainside, Tonio stands and looks up at the stars that are shining down on Italy. Then—and only then—he prays. He murmurs a phrase which is all he remembers of a prayer his mother taught him. *Sancta Maria, Madre de Dio.* It is the prayer that will save Tonio—if only room can be found for him in one of the homes for homeless boys.

Poland

JAN is a displaced person from Poland. He lives with thousands of others in a camp in the American Occupation zone of Germany. He has stayed there longer than most of his camp companions. For Jan is an orphan, and the U.S. has not made special provision for the admission of orphans.

Jan is not too hungry. He has warm clothing for the winters, although it is a fantastic combination of cut-down army khaki. He has shelter, without heat, in the old barracks. But Jan is not happy.

He remembers clearly the long trail that brought him to this camp. In 1939, more than ten years ago, the Soviets took over Eastern Poland. The Russian soldiers came to Jan's house, took his father, and put him to death. Then, one night, other soldiers came. They took Jan's mother, Jan, his three brothers and his sister.

They reached Siberia in the dead of winter. They were thrust into a stall in a vast barn. The boys, as well as the men, were put to work cutting wood in the forests. Many died, but Jan and his brothers lived.

At night, huddled in the stall, the boys were often too tired to speak; but sometimes they talked with their mother and sister. They talked of life in Poland: festivals, music, dancing. They talked of the processions which honored Christ and His blessed Mother. They prayed the old prayers: '*Swieta Marja, Matka Boza.*

"Our country will not be free again in our time," Jan's mother said. "I shall never again live in a free land; but you, my children, must find your way to freedom. You must go to America."

Now Jan is the only one who might ever see the U.S. When the Polish prisoners were released from hard labor, the Russians sent Jan and his mother, his sister and his brothers to Bokhara in Turkestan. Stanislaw, the youngest, died on the journey in the cars. Casimir was killed by a drunken soldier. Lucian fell dead in the Bokhara railway station as they struggled out of the cars.

Caspar and Jan were taken to a hospital. Their mother and their sister left them there. "We shall come back tomorrow," they said. But they never returned. Then Caspar died. With other boys from other parts of Poland, Jan was taken to Iran, to East Africa, then to Germany.

Jan has seen other children go with their fathers and mothers out to the ports where the big ships rode at anchor, waiting to take them to the free land of the West. He has seen a few orphans taken because they had relatives who assumed responsibility for them. But Jan has no one. And so he waits, a little less hopefully every year, but still holding to the dream.

China

YANG TAO CHAN came at night to the home of the missionary. Father

Lane found him at the door, a shivering bundle of rags.

Two years before, Yang had been an 18-year-old medical student in the town, a serious, ambitious young man. As the child of Christian parents, he had long known the mission. He had once been Father Lane's altar boy. Loving his country, he had given up his studies to serve the wounded of the Chinese Nationalist army.

Now Father Lane saw him a terrified fugitive. Bit by bit, the priest dragged out Yang's story.

He had been caring for a wounded soldier when a band of communists swooped down. They killed the soldier, took Yang into the mountains. Even in communist-held China only one person in every seven was a communist; but the communists had control. In Yang they saw a possible leader; and they placed him in a communist college. They laughed at his religion, scoffed at his love of family, sneered at his faithfulness to the girl he hoped to marry.

Even though he feared them he resisted. He finally made contact with Catholic Chinese in the mountain town. They got him a passport.

By day he lay in ditches. By night he trudged over fields. He came at last to the river boundary; but the communist and Nationalist armies were fighting there. Sentries patrolled the bridge, and the river was too wide to swim. Carefully Yang timed the sentries. He took a chance, and

swung himself, inch by inch, on the lower rafters of the bridge over to the Nationalist side. Kneeling in Free China, he wept. He said a prayer of thanks to God, and a prayer to the Mother of God: *Tian Chu Sheng Mu*.

Father Lane got him another passport. He arranged to have him go out as the driver of a coal cart. Yang thanked him with tears.

Father Lane heard from him, twice. The first message, brought by another ragged refugee, told of Yang's marriage. The second, given by another refugee, sounded tragedy. The communists had reached the town where Yang lived. He had to flee again. With his wife, he was following the retreating Nationalist army.

Father Lane, driven out of his mission post, sought Yang, but could not find him.

Gretel is sad, hungry always, almost homeless. But she has one hope. Her father says that the Catholic bishops of Germany are building homes for people now homeless. Annette has read in a Catholic newspaper that the Catholic schools of France will stay open as long as lunches can be given the children. She read, too, that the Bishops' Fund will help French Catholics keep their schools open. So it is with Tonio, too, and Jan, and Yang Tao Chan—all are holding out their hands, hopefully, toward the bishops and the people of America.

A man with firsthand experience knows and tells what to do about bad behavior



The Judge and The Kids

By JOHN W. WHITE

THE day I went to see the judge he showed me a letter he had from Maybelle, a truant who stole from her teachers and fellow pupils. She asked to be allowed to remain a year longer where she was, instead of being paroled. She wrote, "Thank you for helping me by showing me the right path. The Sisters here at St. Mary's have brought me close to God, and by His help I can do what is right."

As I handed the letter back to Judge Wylegala, he said, "Maybelle's parents were separated and there was no religion at home. If there had been, I never would have met her. If we are going to raise our children to be good citizens, we have to get religion back into the home."

That was the emphatic opinion of one of the country's outstanding authorities on juvenile delinquency—Judge Victor B. Wylegala of the Erie County Children's Court in Buffalo, N. Y.

Victor Wylegala knows what underprivileged children have to face.

He himself was the son of poor Polish immigrants and grew up on Buffalo's overcrowded East Side. When Victor was six years old, his father died, leaving his widow with six sons and two daughters. The three older boys got jobs and the mother went out to work by the day. The older sister took charge of Victor, his twin sister, and the two younger boys. Victor started working at 12. He spent three summer vacations operating a metal stamping machine nine hours a day, six days a week, to earn \$3.50 a week. During the 12 years he has presided over Children's Court he has decreased juvenile delinquency by nearly 12%, although Erie county's population increased 20% during that time. In one of his first cases, young Wylegala fought for and succeeded in setting up a completely new concept in relief work. It has since become accepted practice in New York State.

A Polish woman and two small children were left destitute by the sudden death of the head of the

family. Their former status had been above average, so that the daughter took piano lessons and the son violin lessons. The charity society refused any aid, on the grounds that a family that owned a piano and a violin was not entitled to assistance until the instruments had been sold and the money used.

The old-timers in the charity society were properly astounded when the young volunteer social worker stood up and berated them.

"That piano and violin are keeping the kids at home with their mother," he argued. "What incentive will that boy and girl have if you take their music away from them? Do you have to destroy a family and force it into the gutter before you begin to help them?"

Victor Wylegala won his case and the charitable organizations of Buffalo and Erie county soon stopped their practice of taking everything away from poor families before admitting them to relief.

Judge Wylegala does not operate Children's Court as adult courts are operated. His aim is not to punish delinquent children but to try to find the reasons for their wrongdoing, and then attempt to correct the situation.

Youngsters who are brought before the court usually have been scared by their arrest and questioning by the police. To win the confidence of a scared, belligerent or skeptical child requires a great deal of patience and an understanding

Judge Wylegala has been president of the New York State Association of Children's Court Judges, member of the advisory panel of the U. S. Attorney General's National Conference on Juvenile Delinquency, and advisor to the joint Legislative Committee on Interstate Cooperation, dealing with social welfare problems. Last November, he was elected to the board of directors of the National Conference of Catholic Charities.

In the recent November elections, the voters of Buffalo and Erie county repeated what they had done in the 1943 elections. They again gave Judge Wylegala the largest majority of any of the city or county candidates.

Washington, too, looks upon him as one of the nation's leaders in handling child delinquency. When juvenile-court officers and social workers from other countries come to the U. S. to study our methods, they are sent to Judge Wylegala's court.

of what makes youthful minds click. Judge Wylegala has all that, plus a special intuitive wisdom that comes only with long experience.

The judge never commits a delinquent child to an institution if he can find any other way of handling the case.

"I believe," he told me, "that almost any home where there is love, sharing of interests, and enough security to get by is better for a youngster than to be among strangers. I

don't remove children from their homes unless the homes fail miserably to measure up to certain minimum standards, and where the parents for some reason can't fill their job of parenthood."

Where the home conditions contribute to the child's delinquency, Judge Wylegala tries to place the youngster in a foster home where good family environment is provided by the foster parents. Buffalo has nine foster homes adapted for use by the Children's Court and with foster parents who have been specially trained.

"The foster parents for these receiving homes have been selected for their special skill," the judge explained. "Many of these children have been questioned at length by the police. They are all frightened, distrustful, emotionally upset, and usually hungry and dirty. The settling-down process requires sensible, calm, considerate foster parents. A warm bath, a glass of hot milk, and food, coupled with patience and motherly advice, usually produce the required results. The foster parents learn to observe much that proves useful in later dealing with the child."

When there is no way to handle a case except by committing the child to a state or county institution, Judge Wylegala always explains that this step is not intended as a punishment, but simply to provide the retraining and character building that the recent escapades have

shown to be necessary for the child.

His files are full of letters from hundreds of formerly delinquent children, thanking him for getting them started over again. They write about all the little personal things that interest youngsters and ask his advice about their personal problems. Nine out of ten start their letters "Dear Friend," which the judge says is the highest compliment he can receive.

One little girl wrote recently from a state institution, "I find it very hard to think of you as a judge. You seem more like a friend of the family now."

Shifty 15-year-old Bill had been beating his mother and threatening her with kitchen knives. He earned his parole in 13 months and wrote to the judge, "Just a brief note to express my deepest gratitude to you. I was sore at you for committing me, but now I see how foolish I was."

And lazy, shiftless, sassy, and disobedient Rita, 14, only seven months after being committed, wrote to the judge, reporting grades of 99 in typing, 97 in shorthand, and extra credits for good conduct.

Just before Christmas a belligerent 6-foot-4 army sergeant called at Children's Court and demanded to see the judge. When admitted, he said, "You once put me on probation and I broke it. When they brought me in again, you told me to get out and then insulted me by saying, 'Go ahead and be a bum if

you want to; I cannot prevent it.'

"Well, I'm home on leave now and just thought I'd let you know that that's a good line. I've been using it in the army and it got me where I am today."

When I asked Judge Wylegala what he considers the greatest contributing cause of juvenile delinquency in this country, he replied without an instant's hesitation, "Lack of religion in the home.

"Our records through the years," he said, "show that about half the delinquent children who are brought before the court come from homes where the parents are separated. And the court's social workers almost invariably report that these disrupted families have no religious life. And the other 50% almost always have no religious home life," the judge replied. "We must have religion in the home to build character. No outside organization can possibly replace the family in character building."

One of the frequent cases that comes before Judge Wylegala is the group of teen-agers who have noticed an automobile with the keys in the ignition. Someone dares one of the boys or girls to drive it, and they all pile in. Before they have gone many blocks, they usually are picked up by the police and taken to Children's Court.

"My 12 years of experience show

that when the boy or girl who is dared into driving the car comes from a home that has religion in it, that child almost never is brought before the court again," the judge said. "When the youngster has had no religious training at home, the chances are that the police will have to bring him or her back again.

"In the first instance, I can appeal to the child's sense of right and wrong, and he usually keeps his promise not to get into trouble again. In the second case, there generally is no moral standard to which I can appeal.

"Many of the delinquent children who come before my court are the products of mixed marriages," Judge Wylegala continued. "Experience and the records show that it becomes inconvenient for a young husband and wife to attend different churches. So usually they just both stop going to church."

Judge Wylegala attributes his own success in life to the religious teaching of his mother.

"Mother was a devout Catholic," the judge explains, "and had inherited from her Polish mother firmly fixed ideas on the necessity of faith and religious observances in family life. She saw to it that we all attended Mass regularly and that we also went to other devotions. Frequently all of us said the Rosary together."



THE trouble with some of today's smart children is that they don't smart in the right places.

Pathfinder (28 Dec. '49).

*When five paces became the distance and no apologies were accepted
public opinion finally came round to the side of morality*

Duels in America

By R. J. WENINGER

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

AS THE sun rose on July 11, 1804, the signal was given. Two men, back to back, pistols in hand, paced off the agreed distance, turned, and fired.

The scene was not new to the narrow shelf of rocky ground that overlooks the Hudson at Weehawken on the Jersey shore. The very name *Weehawken* had come to mean *duel* to the people of the Atlantic seaboard. But this particular duel was to make the site famous. One contestant was Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the U. S. The other was Alexander Hamilton, a general in command of an army, a famed lawyer, a brilliant statesman, a former Secretary of the Treasury.

Hot words uttered in a heated campaign had evoked the challenge. Hamilton did not believe in duels. Just 30 months before, his son had been killed in a duel on the very spot where he himself stood. That killing had ended a career that might have rivaled his own. Now he stood here risking his own life and the experience and abilities his young country so badly needed. Burr had issued

the challenge, and Hamilton felt bound to defend his honor.

The Vice-President, taking deliberate aim, fired first. Hamilton fell, his own shot harmlessly striking the ground.

Thus ended the career of one of America's outstanding personalities. It was also the end of a career for Aaron Burr. Always a marked man after this, he lost all social position and traveled west to lose himself in frontier life.

Many Americans are unaware of the shameful part that dueling played in the history of their nation. Accustomed to think of this as an Old-World expedient for settling quarrels, they know little about the tight hold it once had on some of the great men of the nation.

When Andrew Jackson was running for President, great political capital was made of the fact that he had once fought and killed a man in a duel. This was the story. Charles Dickinson, a young man with political aspirations, had spoken slurringly of Mrs. Jackson's reputation. On this point Jackson was more than touchy, and for a reason: he had

gone through the ceremony of marriage with his wife, Rachel, even before a divorce had been granted separating her from a previous husband. Dickinson apologized soon after he made his remark, saying that he had been drinking at the time, but Jackson refused to forgive him. Soon a political campaign issue brought the two men into further differences, and young Dickinson challenged Jackson to a duel. The challenge was gladly and proudly accepted by Jackson, and the affair was held on May 30, 1806, near the banks of the Red river in Logan county, Kentucky.

Dickinson was a dead shot. So was Jackson. Dickinson was noted for his rapid fire. Jackson was admittedly slower. Despite this handicap, but to be sure of his aim, Jackson determined to wait for his opponent's fire before pressing the trigger of his own weapon. His second objected, "What if he kills or disables you?"

"Sir," retorted Jackson, revealing the stubbornness of his character, "I shall hit him even though he should shoot me through the brain."

The agreement was that the combatants should be placed at the close distance of eight paces, and that after the word "fire," each one had the right to fire one shot at will. The instant the command was given, the sound of Dickinson's flint was heard. A fleck of dust arose from Jackson's coat, but apparently he was unwounded. Dickinson stepped back with a cry, "Great God! Have I

missed?" "Back to your mark, sir," thundered General Overton, Jackson's second, with his own pistol upraised. The young challenger recovered himself, stepped back to his mark, folded his arms and awaited Jackson's fire. Jackson took aim and pulled the trigger. But his gun caught at half-cock. Calmly recocking the weapon, Jackson again took careful aim and shot Dickinson through the heart. As the young man fell dead, Jackson walked away disdainfully. About 100 yards from the spot, his second noticed blood on his clothing. Struck in the breast, he had refused to show the slightest effect of the wound lest his enemy have the satisfaction of knowing that he had even hurt his opponent before he died.

Dueling often became the occasion for violence on a large scale. A notorious example of this was the duel between a Dr. Maddox and one Samuel Wells, fought on a sandbar in the Mississippi near Natchez in August, 1829. Two factions of land speculators were represented in the duel, and many interested spectators were on hand to watch it.

The main feature was harmless enough. Each man had one shot, but neither was injured. They tried a second time, with the same result. Then the seconds and spectators, unable to restrain their interest in the issues at stake, started a free-for-all.

Foremost among the fighters were Judge Crane and Major Wright for one side, and James Bowie and John

Curry for the other. Crane, armed with a brace of dueling pistols, shot the attacking Curry. Bowie, who had only a blacksmith's rasp which he used as a knife, rushed at Crane to avenge his friend. Although already wounded, Crane held his ground and fired his second shot, wounding Bowie in the groin. Staggered for a moment, Bowie again charged, only to be knocked to the ground by a blow on the head. He got up, however, to renew the attack, and this time received a wound in the chest from Major Wright. Despite his wounds, Bowie seized Wright by the neckcloth, threw him to the ground, and plunged the rasp into his heart.

In the general melee of the day eight men were killed and 15 were severely wounded. The duel decided nothing and the quarrel over land continued for years.

The same James Bowie, famous now for his part in the last ditch stand in defense of the Alamo against the Mexicans in San Antonio, was the foremost dueler of his day. There is no record of the number of duels he actually fought, but they were many, and practically all his opponents died at his hands. At times he played the part of a kind of Robin Hood. Once he was traveling on a Mississippi steamboat, and on the same boat were a newly married couple on their honeymoon. The groom was carrying a considerable sum of money, and when some of the passengers found out, they

drew him into a game of cards, with the result that all his money was soon in their hands. The lad was about to commit suicide by jumping into the river when Bowie got hold of him, heard his story, and promised to get his money back. He started his own game of cards, drew in the gamblers, and soon had won the boy's money back, as well as their own. Then he exposed their cheating methods. One of the gamblers then challenged him to a duel to be fought then and there, on the hurricane deck of the steamer. With perfect poise, Bowie shot the man into the river. Then he returned the money to the newlyweds, together with a bit of advice.

Sometimes dueling became practically a suicide pact between two contestants. On Aug. 27, 1851, a Major Biddle and one Spencer Pettis decided to settle a hot political quarrel by a duel. As agreed, they stood five paces apart, with guns overlapping. At the signal, both fired. Both were killed.

Another example of the extremes to which this false code of honor led was the case of Cilley vs. Graves. Jonathan Cilley, a congressman from Maine, had justly censured the actions of a notorious newspaper editor. The incensed editor sent a challenge to a duel to Cilley by the hand of Congressman Graves. Cilley refused to accept the challenge, saying that his remarks had been proper and privileged. This, thought Graves, was an insult to his own

honor, so he challenged Cilley in his own name. Again the Maine congressman protested that he had meant no injury, but Graves refused to be appeased. The duel was arranged.

The first round of fire was ineffective, and Cilley again tried to reason with his opponent, but to no avail. There was a second exchange of shots, but still no bloodshed. Finally, on the third attempt, Graves' bullet found a vital spot and Cilley died in a few minutes.

Perhaps this duel, more than any other, aroused public opinion and sentiment against the immoral practice. The congressional committee that investigated the affair censured Graves in the severest terms and recommended his expulsion from Congress.

The last notable duel in America was fought in California. On Sept. 13, 1859, U. S. Senator Broderick and ex-Chief Justice Terry of the California Supreme Court agreed to settle their political differences by a duel. The issues of slavery, corrupt politics, even Freemasonry, were all mixed up in the case. Terry had challenged Broderick to meet him on Sept. 12, but the chief of police of San Francisco had stopped the fight on that day.

They did meet, however, the next day, this time at Lake Merced, about

12 miles from San Francisco. About 80 spectators were on hand. It was agreed that the duelers would fire at ten paces. Both had hair trigger pistols, but Broderick's was a little more delicately set than his opponent's.

The signal was given, and Broderick's pistol went off before he had elevated it enough. The bullet thudded into the ground six feet short of his antagonist. The more careful Terry shot Broderick through the lung. Throughout the encounter the victor had acted with cool indifference; as his victim fell, he commented coldly, "He is not dead; I shot two inches to the right."

This duel almost turned into another massacre as one of the victim's seconds flourished a pistol and cried out, "This is murder! Men, join me in avenging Broderick's death!" A few sane men calmed him and rushed him from the scene. Broderick lived for only three days, and died protesting that he had given his life to save his state from a corrupt administration. Terry was tried for murder, but influence and money saved him from punishment.

With this scandal, dueling as a means of settling arguments practically came to an end in America. The long step had finally been made from barbarism to common sense, morality, and civilization.

A FRIEND is a person who looks you up when you're down and isn't down on you when you're up.

Arnold Glasow in the *Chicago Tribune* (12 Oct. '49).

Tito is a communist and it's no laughing matter

Report on Yugoslavia

By ANDRÉ LAGUERRE

Condensed from *Time**

IN A Belgrade cafe not long ago, Milica sneezed, and then smiled happily. The dark, sturdy girl had been discussing the police in communist Yugoslavia. She explained her smile. "We have a saying that whatever you are thinking before you sneeze will happen. So maybe we shall have more freedom."

Milica's wish is unlikely to be fulfilled. The only fact signified by her sneeze was the arrival of a cold wave after a mild winter. Snow was falling outdoors, and a bitter wind mocked the worn and flimsy clothing of the city dwellers. Beyond Belgrade, from the crags of Montenegro to the grain-belt plain of the Voivodina, everywhere in the six federated People's Republics of Yugoslavia, men and women shivered.

I think I heard less laughter in Belgrade than in any other place I have ever visited.

The capital's slush, compounded partly of black Serbian mud, made walking hazardous. But most Belgraders walked; the city's few trol-

ley cars were packed. The homeward trek at nightfall conveys a strange sense of depressed urgency. Many Belgraders do not feel safe anywhere between their homes and their work; they flit off the streets like ghosts fleeing a graveyard at dawn. Here and there, watching the crowds from street corners or hotel lobbies, stood men either in uniform or in ankle-length black leather coats, which in the popular mind are the unofficial uniform of the dreaded security police.

Enjoyment has no place unless it can be shown to serve the communist machine. Aptly, Belgrade nights are dominated by the giant red star and the scarlet neon sign at the top of the lofty building belonging to *Borba*, official daily of the Communist party. When it rains, the red is reflected from some of the wet buildings and in street puddles. There is no escape from the red.

The Red rulers maintain that the people are now better off than before the war, and that every day in

every way things are getting better and better. It may be true that a minority in the most backward areas are eating better than before, but most Yugoslavs have a slimmer and much less varied diet. This is partly because the state distribution system is often inefficient, partly because the farmers do not wish to grow or deliver certain foodstuffs at the low prices fixed by the government, and partly because Yugoslavia exports food to get the heavy machinery needed in her five-year industrialization program.

People eat according to the civic category in which they are fitted. A good ration card is one of the highest privileges. Best cards, of course, go to army officers, high party officials and "shock workers" (super-productive labor). Lower in the scale come heavy workers, office workers, and, after them, housewives. Maximum monthly ration for a single male worker is 66 lbs. of bread, 7 lbs. corn meal, 3.3 lbs. fat, 18.7 lbs. meat, 4.4 lbs. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coffee; minimum ration is 26 lbs. bread, no corn meal, 2.2 lbs. fat, 4.4 lbs. meat, 2.2 lbs. sugar, 3 oz. coffee.

Despite the regime's claims, its own statistics show that the masses are worse fed than before the war. Prices of rationed basic foods are two, three, and four times greater than prewar, whereas salaries have merely doubled. Outside the basic foods the price gap is even greater.

One woolen dress for a seven-

year-old girl, bought on ration, uses three months of textile coupons for an average family of three. One pair of bad shoes, bought off ration, costs an average worker his month's wage. The life of the masses has been reduced to a level of monotonous inadequacy, which never quite sinks to starvation point.

I asked 40 foreign observers what the Yugoslavs thought of their government. They agreed that 95% or more of the nation prefer Tito and his regime to a Stalin stooge. But if there could be a free choice between Tito and a democratic regime, the great majority would choose democracy.

DEEP discontent and resentment smolder throughout Yugoslavia, directed against four typical expressions of communism: 1. the five-year plan, which compels men and women to work hard for an almost unbearable standard of living; 2. socialization of the land; 3. persecution of the Church; 4. suppression of freedom by an all powerful secret police.

The primary aim of the five-year plan is to make Yugoslavia self-sufficient economically by a policy of breakneck industrialization. Tito last summer claimed that 50% of the goal had been accomplished. In January the five-year plan's mastermind, Boris Kidric, chairman of the Planning Commission, raised the claim of fulfillment to 82%.

These figures mean little or noth-

ing. In Yugoslavia it is easier to get secret military information than hard data on economy and production. The government triumphantly announces results in terms of percentages which are not related to any ascertainable figures. Thus it is always "92% of the plan for this year," but no one knows or will say just what the plan for this year was in the first place. Or, again a favorite formula, "28% more than last year." But it is impossible to discover how much was produced last year.

In the Voivodina I met a peasant who had learned his lesson well. I asked how many horses he had. He answered, "Ninety-eight per cent." I said, "Ninety-eight per cent of what? Of what you had before the war, or what you would like to have?" He repeated, "Ninety-eight per cent."

The truth about the plan, as near as it can be discovered, is that achievement is certainly falling way below the targets.

The fast pace of the plan helps to defeat it. There is much shoddy building. Imported machines are being wrecked almost as fast as they can be bought. Skilled labor is definitely short. Yugoslav industry is now producing goods more expensively than they would cost to import. The over-all effort is based on a staggering program of self-sacrifice by the Yugoslav people. Many Yugoslavs resent it. Although some new factories, schools, and offices have been built, the average worker

sees ahead a life of slavery for which he is not even beginning to receive compensation.

Resentment against socialization of the land is even sharper. Yugoslavia is essentially a peasant country. One of the phony accusations made by Stalin against Tito was that land socialization had not gone far enough, and that Yugoslavia was run by the kulaks. The fact is that 23% of the land under cultivation is collectivized. In Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, less than 10% of the land is collectivized.

THE farmer who clings to his own land is denied such benefits as improved seeds, fertilizers, and easy credits. He cannot employ labor outside his family. If his resistance is especially fierce, he is classified as a "negative individual" and a kulak. He is driven to the wall by such devices as government production quotas deliberately made so high that he cannot fill them. Often he must give up his land because he has failed to meet a quota, or he may be sentenced to one, two or three years' imprisonment. The commissars boast, "We make great progress. By 1951 half the land in Yugoslavia will be socialized. But we don't go too fast. We know that a peasant, like his pig, can be driven only so far and so fast."

An authoritative guess is that several thousand recalcitrant private farmers were imprisoned in 1949. In some villages as many as 50 farmers

were arrested in a single night. I saw 200 peasants shuffling along a road in Serbia, picks and shovels in their hands. I was told they were voluntary workers. But at either end of the procession were soldiers with tommy guns.

Near Stara Pazova I came upon an old peasant leaning over a fence and talking to a hog. I asked him why he hadn't joined the local *zadruga* (cooperative). He stared at me a long time. Then he reached down with a long-fingered hand and picked up a piece of his soil, black and wet. He squeezed it until his knuckles whitened and the mud oozed between his fingers. That was his only reply.

To such men, no technological progress under collectivism can compensate for the rape of their property. I talked to a Croatian peasant who thought he could not hold out much longer against the "cooperative" drive. His assets had melted. He complained of having no sense of security, of being at the mercy of sudden and unjustifiable levies. "I am eating as well as before the war," he admitted, "but if I had ten sons I would send them all out of the country." He would, if he could. A Yugoslav who applies for a passport to leave the country is almost certain to be arrested.

The Tito crowd rarely uses the word "religion." They refer to it as "mysticism." The Titoists think their attitude toward "mysticism" has been shrewdly restrained. "Our

policy toward the Church has been proved right," boasted Milovan Djilas, Minister without Portfolio. "We have not made a martyr of her."

What Djilas meant was that a paper right of worship has been left in Yugoslavia and that this serves to camouflage persecution of the Church. The Orthodox Church has about seven million followers, and the Catholic Church, strongest in Croatia and Slovenia, has about six million. The two Churches have maintained a solid front, but it is the Catholic Church which has seen more of the reign of terror and has also resisted more fiercely.

The Catholics have lost every school, orphanage, old folks' home or other type of refuge—in all, about 500 educational or charitable institutions. Many priests have been arrested for their sermons. A few months ago one was arrested in Zagreb because he told workers they ought to be married in church.

Intensive indoctrination of Marxism in schools has been recently stepped up. Pupils get heart-to-heart talks from teachers, who say, "Don't go to church, there is no God; come along with us. Otherwise you won't be able to go to school any more, and you won't get a job."

No soldier may go to church (at Christmas quite a few slipped into Belgrade churches and hid in dark corners), nor may teachers nor government workers, except at the risk of losing job and ration card. In the past five years the communist re-

gime has killed one Catholic bishop and imprisoned two. It has killed 350 to 400 priests and imprisoned an equal number.

Last October Father Kalojera, from the lower Dalmatian coast, was tried in Cetinje, capital of Montenegro. He entered the dock in a highly nervous state, although there were no marks on him. The prosecutor began to read from Father Kalojera's "confession." The priest interrupted, "With your tortures, I didn't know what I was saying." The judge slammed his gavel. "How dare you suggest that our forces of security would descend to inhuman methods?" Father Kalojera replied, "They put electric wires in my mouth and down my throat, and then switched on the current."

Last spring throughout Slovenia church collections were banned. A priest told me, "Nevertheless, the churches are more crowded than they have ever been. The people sing their hearts out; you should hear them. They get a great lift out of coming to church."

The fourth factor contributing to the Yugoslav's resentment of communism is the most obvious, and is also the entirely convincing reason why the resentment cannot be translated into effective opposition: the security police.

The UDB, or Oodbah, is about 40,000 strong. Every Yugoslav has a police dossier. There are no limits to the power of the UDB. One of its officials recently told a "negative"

Yugoslav, "We can arrest anyone in the country, we can convict him on any charge we choose, we can sentence him to any term we desire, or we can kill him."

I was officially told there were only "a few hundreds" of Yugoslavs in jail today. Ridiculous as that figure is, it is true that there are considerably more prisoners out of jail than in. They are put to work on roads or other projects, so that they can pay their way. If they seem to see the error of their ways, they get more pleasant jobs. They are indoctrinated, and go through a re-educative process. The idea is not to keep them enemies of the state, but to make them love Big Brother Tito.

The police, like the other great arm of the state, the army, are firmly and totally in the hands of the sole real repository of power in Yugoslavia, the Communist party. Behind the façade of a puppet parliament and puppet courts, behind the sprawling and intrinsically meaningless organization of the People's Front, to which half of all Yugoslavs belong, stands that single real power. Last official figures put membership of the party at about 3% of the population. In 1941 the party had only 12,000 members, and of these only 3,000 survived the war. The "old communists" in Yugoslavia therefore represent less than 1% of this 3%.

Every member of the 63-man Central committee is drawn from this

magic 3,000. So are most of the 28 cabinet ministers. Communists staff the top bureaucracy in the six republics. Nine out of ten officers in the army are communists. The tight link between party and state apparatus can be understood from this figure: the 122 permanent officials of the communist Politburo, Central committee and Central Supervisory committee among them hold 823 key jobs in the government.

Atop this pyramid of power stands 57-year-old Josip Broz-Tito. There are a good many songs, mostly sung by the SKOJ (communist youth movement), about him. One goes like this:

*Comrade Tito, our red rose,
Our famous country is with you;
Comrade Tito, you strawberry in the dew,
Our people are proud of you.*

The 200-pound strawberry has come a long way since he first left his home village of Kumrovec, in Croatia. The former locksmith apprentice, soldier, agitator, machinist, and army marshal has a personality which exudes strength and assurance. He is a fierce patriot and a convinced communist. He makes important decisions swiftly. He talks fluent German and Russian, smokes a lot of cigarettes in a curved holder, wears a diamond ring on his left hand, relaxes easily over a few drinks, likes to sing old partisan songs with intimates who call him Stari (Old Man). Tito now lives luxuriously in his villa in Dedinje,

a suburban district of well-paved streets, big houses, and glittering automobiles. Tito also has a farm in the country, a barony on the Adriatic island of Brioni, and the old White Palace of the Serbian kings for ceremonial receptions in Belgrade.

Three faithful friends of Tito are the Nos. 2, 3 and 4 men in the land —Kardelj, Rankovic, Djilas.

Edvard Kardelj, Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister, is a 40-year-old former schoolteacher from Ljubljana, in Slovenia. He joined the party in 1928, went to Russia in 1933, and taught the history of the Comintern at Sverdlovsk university. When he talks, his face is completely deadpan. It is hard to believe that he could regard a normal human emotion as anything but a degrading weakness. With his scholarly eye-glasses, small stature and sober, meticulous clothes, Kardelj is a patent imitation of Molotov.

Aleksandar (Marko) Rankovic, Minister of the Interior, is of a different (and repulsive) type. He was born in the Posavina 41 years ago of Serb peasant stock; grew up to become a tailor. He became a communist when still in his teens. He looks a perfect police chief—burly and iron-jawed, with eyes as cold and muddy as the Danube in winter. In 1939 he was in Moscow, taking lessons in police administration from Lavrenti Beria. Rankovic is the most intensely hated man in Yugoslavia.

Milovan Djilas, Minister without Portfolio, is 38, a Montenegrin from

Kolasin. His wife, Mitra-Mitrovic, is a communist intellectual and a minister in the cabinet of the Serbian Republic. Djilas, a graduate from Belgrade university's faculty of law, is coeditor of the communist daily, *Borba*. Today one of his functions is to direct the psychological-warfare branch of the Yugoslav government. A forceful, brilliant writer and speaker, Djilas, with his shock of black hair and lively eyes, is a more attractive personality than the other two members of the triumvirate.

This trio would probably succeed Tito in a joint capacity if the marshal were to die or be assassinated. Probably no one of them has the personality to succeed Tito alone—Kardelj is too colorless, Djilas too impetuous, and Rankovic too well hated.

It is a year and a half since Tito & Co. broke with the Kremlin. Tito says that he differs radically from Stalin because he believes in the equality of communist states, whereas Stalin believes that a communist state can be genuine only if dominated by Russia. The truth is that Tito would probably not hesitate to make satellites of Albania and Bulgaria, if he could apply superior power against them.

The only likely alternatives to Tito are another Titoist or a Stalinist stooge. Either way, communism remains in Yugoslavia. The Communist party machine has a total grip on the nation.

Can Stalin break Tito down? His

excommunication of the Tito clique and cutting off of trade relations proved ineffective. Now he is trying to isolate the Tito disease, which has been contaminating other satellite countries. Hence the spectacular political trials in Hungary and Bulgaria; they were designed to show satellite communists that there was no security away from Moscow's apron strings. If Titoism is not isolated soon, if there is increasing unrest among the satellites, Moscow will have to make a tough decision. It will have to consider military action—and the risk of a third world war.

The Yugoslavs themselves do not believe the Russians will invade. One communist told me, "We did not believe the Russians would attack last fall when the rest of the world thought they would. We do not believe it now. We know more about Russian psychology than you. They will prefer to wait it out, hoping to profit by some political mistake or weakness of ours."

For all their confidence, the Yugoslavs are taking no chances. At the moment, the army proper has 33 to 35 divisions of 10,000 men apiece. To this can be added 80,000 militia. The army has some 400 medium tanks, but half of them are immobilized for lack of spare parts. The air force is negligible. Needless to say, there are no atomic piles, rocket research centers nor bacteriological warfare centers.

Tito is wisely not prepared to fight

more than a delaying action on the plains. In the mountains which cover most of the country south of the Sava river, Russian difficulties would begin. In a short time Tito could have 1½ million fighting army men and guerrillas in the mountains. This army would be broken up into elements of not more than 200, to fight the long guerrilla war Tito knows best.

Tito recently told a friend, "If we are attacked, it will not be an isolated incident. It will start a world war." Though the U.S. is expected to help the Yugoslavs against Stalin's armed aggression, the U.S. is not popular with Tito and his henchmen. The aid of decadent capitalism is simply accepted as a means of survival.

In this complex situation, the U.S. is pursuing in Yugoslavia perhaps the most difficult policy it has ever followed in Europe. It boils down to one of helping Tito (some \$25 million in credits so far) and asking nothing in return.

In adopting its present policy, the U.S. has also accepted certain grave responsibilities. It has gone beyond containment of Russia in favor of counterattack. In supporting Tito, the U.S. is not merely defending its legal rights; it is attacking Stalin in what he considers his own backyard. More, it is supporting an organized political assault on the whole power structure of Soviet imperialism, thus taking the risk of pushing Stalin to the point where he might feel that

his security is being threatened.

It is vital for the clear thinking of Western policymakers that Yugoslavia's communism never be overlooked. At home, and to the communists of other countries, Tito insists that Yugoslavia is more communist than Russia. For the Western democracies he insidiously and discreetly spreads the impression that Yugoslavia is gradually being liberalized. This was the line given me "confidentially" by almost every communist official with whom I talked.

More and more people fall for this line. While I was in Yugoslavia a score of British Labor M.P.'s were being taken on a conducted tour of the country. Afterwards one of them told me, "We had complete freedom to go wherever we wanted, and we were all deeply impressed by what we saw. I am convinced that Yugoslavia is moving in the direction of our Western democracies."

The plain truth is that Yugoslavia is a vicious, degrading communist state. It has a new aristocracy—the party leaders with their Buicks in Dedinje; a new middle class of high officials; and a new proletariat which is poorer and bigger than the old. Certainly there has been much construction, and some land has been reclaimed. But the price is a sub-human standard of living, an infinite dreariness, an inability to distinguish between truth and falsehood, a social system in which the two worst crimes are to worship

God and to say No to the state.

It was a relief to me to leave Belgrade. The Orient Express crawled across the snowy Voivodina plain. In my first-class compartment, the washbasin was dirty. There was neither soap nor towel. The bed pillows were grubby. The Serbian Pullman attendant grabbed my passport and exit permit and as good as told me that was all he had to do—from there on it was a matter of indifference to him whether I starved, sang or jumped out of the window. In fact, I munched salami between gross layers of gray bread—bought in Belgrade for \$15. No one answered the buzzer. There is no

sense of service in a communist state, because there exists no satisfaction in a job well done for the job's sake. There cannot be self-respect when only the state is respected.

Breakfast (after five police and customs visits) and the daylight of a free country came in Venice. An Italian attendant cleaned up my compartment, clucked disapprovingly over its shortcomings. The dining-car tables were covered with gleaming napery. Opposite me, two fat Italians argued heatedly about the pleasures and perils of love letters.

Outside, on the platform, a girl was actually laughing.



Ching Wu at Bat

SOME Chinese kids attended their first baseball game. After watching the play for a while, they came up with their theory of the game.

"You wave your bat around fiercely, and the pitcher has to hit it with the ball. If he does, you are punished by having to run at top speed to four bases, where four of your friends try to stop the man who catches the ball from hitting you with it. They attempt to catch the ball before you are hit. If you think your friend may miss the ball, you slide under him and take cover. Nobody may throw the ball at you while you are on the base. If another bat is hit by the pitcher's ball, you are again punished by having to run at top speed. The catcher, who is your friend, wears a hideous mask to further disconcert the pitcher's aim at the bat.

"If a player is caught unaware by the pitcher and is hit by the ball, he is disgraced and is not allowed any more chances at the bat, but must go to first base in his crippled, painful state, and run like mad when the bat of the next player is hit."

Howard C. Campbell in *Baseball Digest*.

The mothers are jealous; the fathers are proud; the kids are benefited

Dads Know the Answers

By MARY TINLEY DALY

Condensed from *Parents' Magazine**

IT WAS mothers' night at the Fathers' club and not a mother would have missed it. This was the first time mothers had been invited. The hosts had decorated the school hall, there was a reception committee, and the mothers were welcomed as honored guests. This in itself had sharpened their curiosity. Every month they had expected to be asked to join the club, but now they were asked to come only as guests.

It is unique, this Fathers' club of St. Francis de Sales parish school in Washington, D. C., but it works. Here men get together on real projects. Their sincerity was evident in everything they did the first year of operation. The club is now into the second school year.

"We're still growing," said Daniel J. Carr, club president, and father of four children. "We admit mistakes, and backtrack when we feel it's necessary. All of us are interested in our children and want to do everything



we can to help them." The backtracking is: more emphasis on activities for the girls, and more planned-ahead programming.

Mothers may do a little outward grumbling at being excluded, but actually they are delighted with the new father-child-school relationship. That first year they wondered what went on in this exclusive club.

They knew, of course, that the monthly meetings were short and to the point, leaving the evening free for other activities. The men met promptly at 8 o'clock and were finished with business at 9. If any of them cared to stay on for further discussion, well and good, but the meeting was officially over.

The mothers were anxious to hear a resumé of the year's activities, and they did at the final meeting. For instance, there was a report on "Transportation and Educational Tours"—an impressive name for outings in chartered buses for fa-

thers, children, and teachers. These took place every Saturday in fall. "Super trips," the children called them. They went through the Federal Bureau of Investigation; the Capitol; they saw the Washington, Lincoln, and Jefferson memorials; visited the battlefield of Gettysburg; and went to Mount Vernon. The trips renewed interest in history and civics, and awakened friendship with teachers.

The president next reported on penny milk for the children. The fathers had made it their business to learn about the government's program of help with school lunches. They instituted the penny-milk program as the most practical way.

The December meeting concerned itself with Christmas records. Mothers remembered the Christmas concert they had attended and how absorbed the children were in learning Christmas music.

"January: Revised list of supplementary reading," the president's report continued.

At this point a woman in the back row asked a question. "Would you please tell us," she inquired, "how you knew the original lists weren't adequate?"

The president smiled. "I'll refer that question to Mr. Leon Dahlstedt. He proposed the project."

Mr. Dahlstedt arose. "Well," he drawled, "my kids spent their time reading comics and I asked 'em why. I also asked 'em why they didn't read the books the teacher recom-

mended. Bob said, 'Well, pop, that baby stuff puts me to sleep.' So I went to the library and tried to read some of the books myself." He grinned. "Then I saw what Bob meant, and I told the other boys here at the club about it."

"After that we all examined the lists," explained the president. "We got together with the teachers and the local librarian and—well, we helped revise the lists."

"February: Movies," continued the president's report.

The mothers remembered that it was no longer, "Here's a quarter, run along," as father read his paper. Instead, it was "What's playing?" and then "O.K." or "No, that's not a good picture for you to see."

"We have a group whose responsibility it is to preview the movies coming to the local movie house," a father explained. "We don't want our kids exposed to movies that aren't good for them, but we don't want them to miss good movies either."

In March, Lieut. John Ryan of the Juvenile bureau, an experienced police officer, discussed the need for sex education in the home.

The "Oh, not yet, they're still in the grades" attitude had been shaken out of fathers by that talk. In its place they had acquired a reasonable, intelligent approach, with reverence.

"April: Baseball. Fathers had taken older boys to professional games, and had helped to organize

school teams," the president reported.

With May came mothers' night, and plans for summer activities.

After the president's report, a panel discussion followed, divided into four sections, one father to each section. The main topic was summer activities. The first father discussed hobbies and chores for the summer; the next, summer reading; the third, athletics; and the fourth, health.

The father discussing hobbies and chores had investigated the handicraft and woodworking facilities of the neighborhood recreation center and suggested other hobbies to be carried on at home or at the center: puppetry and amateur theatricals, for example. He also urged home chores of practical benefit to the smooth running of the home. He pointed out that a child should be held responsible for such tasks. He stressed the fact that such chores should be within the capability of the child, something that he could accomplish alone. He emphasized the fact that the child should be praised when the job was well done. Young children can do the dusting, for instance; older boys keep the grass cut, and older girls help with cooking and mending.

The speaker on summer reading told of the lists of books prepared by the local librarian; about the story hour for younger children; gave the hours the library would be open in the summer, and how long books could be kept out.

The third father, in discussing athletics, explained the neighborhood facilities for basketball, baseball, tennis, and swimming.

The father who led the discussion on keeping the children well in summer warned against overfatigue; urged the parents to keep their children in the house or in the shade during the hottest part of the day; told them to be on the lookout for signs of polio toward the end of summer; and explained what poison ivy and poison oak look like.

At this point the speaker suggested, "Will all the parents of children one to eight raise their hands?" Many hands went up. "And the parents of children eight to 14? That's as far as our school goes." More hands.

The speaker made a rapid calculation on the pad before him. "Here in this room," he said, "are more than 700 years of child care and training. Couldn't we have a child-behavior round table, a common-sense approach to problems we all face or have faced?" Everybody agreed to it as an important project for the following year.

So that is what happened when a Fathers' club got started at our school. It can happen in any school where there is a cooperative group of men. It has been an experiment based on sincerity of purpose; and with such sincerity it cannot fail. The mothers of St. Francis are so enthusiastic they are willing to join the club at any time.

Troubadours with God's Good News prevail over savage hearts

The Song That Saved Guatemala

By LOUIS A. SCHUSTER, S.M.

Condensed from the *Marianist**

FATHER LUIS CANCER, Dominican friar, stepped across the frontier of the savage Quiche Indians in Guatemala. No conquistador had ever entered that land and lived. But a royal welcome awaited the humble friar. Four guides, sent by the chief, escorted him. He passed under arches erected in his honor, trod roads swept before he stepped upon them. He would soon be in the presence of Don Juan, the chief.

Pedro de Alvarado, his official commander, was a conquistador. Alvarado's business was war; Guatemala was his present assignment. The formula was simple: spread Christianity—extend the Spanish empire by force.

But there was one stronghold that scorned Spanish steel. And that was the Land of War, the mountain region of Guatemala. No Spanish flag had ever fluttered from its citadels; no Spaniard had ever returned from its mountain fastnesses.

Against the whole conquistador system stood one man who insisted that violence was wrong. At the

same time that Alvarado and his soldiers were wiping their swords clean on Quiche grass, Bartolome de Las Casas, another friar in a convent 40 miles away, was fighting the Spanish blades with his pen.

"Divine providence has instituted only one way of converting souls," Las Casas wrote. "Convince the intelligence by reasoning and win the heart by gentleness." That was the friar's formula: convert by gentleness and justice—not by brutality and oppression.

The Spanish officials ridiculed the friar's stand. Still they realized that Alvarado was fighting a losing battle. One day the civic leaders of Guatemala challenged Las Casas to put his theories into practice. To back up their challenge, they promised to free their Indian slaves if he would conquer the Land of War with his milk-and-honey tactics.

Las Casas was definitely on the spot. But he accepted. Midnight that evening found four friars huddled around a table. For hours they had been suggesting plans for approach-

ing the Quiche Indians. The candles were sputtering when Father Luis Cancer hit upon a plan as simple as it was ingenious. Las Casas gave him complete charge of the Land of War.

Father Cancer was born at Saragossa in Aragon about 1500. Some 30 years later, as a Dominican, he founded a missionary center in Puerto Rico. He had come to Guatemala with Las Casas to assist Bishop Marroquin in evangelizing the natives. With the help of the bishop, Father Luis soon mastered the Quiche language.

For three weeks Cancer's room served as headquarters for his mountain strategy. There he met his staff daily. The staff consisted of four Indian peddlers who bartered regularly with the Quiche tribes.

Every morning Father Luis listened to the peddlers beating out their weird tribal music and singing songs of the vanquished Mayans. He sweated out pages of Quiche as his sandals patted out the rhythm of the aborigines.

At midnight of the third week the padre chiseled his last couplet. The secret weapon was ready: a Rhythmical History of Creation from the Fall of the Angels to the Last Judgment. Lyrics by Father Luis Cancer, O.P. Music by four Indian peddlers.

Again Cancer summoned his staff of native peddlers. Again the convent walls echoed with the music of timbrels, gourds, skin tambourines,

and bells. But now the peddlers were singing Father Cancer's songs. The campaign was in its second phase.

Father Luis was fortunate, for the Indian's memory is tenacious and his faculty for learning by rote is quick. Daily rehearsals continued. Then one day in August, 1537, the four traders sang right through the entire cycle. The troubadours were ready.

The village of Santiago lay quiet under the stars as the four peddlers knelt at the padre's feet. Father Luis blessed them. It was dawn when the peddlers reached the mountain tableland. The sun beat down on them as they crawled up valleys broken by deep ravines. They reached the great pine forests deep in the Land of War.

Hardly had they stretched out under the trees when they looked up at the leveled spears of three Quiche warriors. The warriors, however, recognized the peddlers at once and lowered their spears. They guided the peddlers to their chief.

Don Juan, the chief, wore a rainbow-colored robe. Tufts of brilliant parrot feathers sprouted in a frame around his head. He rose to greet the peddlers, and his dusky arms and legs jingled with little bells. The peddlers unpacked their gifts: a loop of bright beads, a doublet of Castilian dressed kid, a silver-chased mirror.

Don Juan accepted the gifts with the wide-eyed reverence of a child.

A minute later he was pounding out a rhythm on his big snakeskin drum. Several hundred Quiches appeared. After introducing the peddlers as his friends, Don Juan declared a holiday-fair. The peddlers spread out their wares.

The bartering over, the peddlers called for the big Indian harp. Then taking their own instruments, they bowed low before the chief and began chanting in chorus.

The warriors listened hungrily as the peddlers began their song of the Great Chief who made the mountains and skies and waters. They saw the first man and woman driven out of their mountain paradise because they broke their word with the Great Chief. They saw men growing wicked and more wicked. And as the harp throbbed faster and the bells and timbrels grew louder, they saw the anger of the Big Chief rising until in one loud crash of cymbals He stabbed the earth with lightning and covered the mountain tops with many waters.

Suddenly the music softened. The harp and tambourine began a new rhythm, soothing and clean. And into the rhythm four clear voices wove the story of the Great Chief and His maiden Mother. Again the raging sea was quieted, the sick were cured. The dead sat upright at the Great Chief's word. The music grew slow and sad as the skies darkened over Calvary. But it soon swelled again and burst into the thunderclap of Easter morning.

Then quickly and simply followed the story of the fishermen who shed their blood because they loved the Great Chief; how more people took sides with the fishermen; how in the next life they would live with their Chief and His maiden Mother forever.

The last strains died on the afternoon air. Slowly the warriors rose and gathered round the peddlers, their eyes shining with wonder. Don Juan signaled the peddlers to follow him to his house. They admitted that they had learned the song from a man in a white robe and a black mantle. This man knew the meaning of the song. They knew only the words.

Don Juan asked more questions. So the peddlers described the friars: they had their hair cut in the form of a crown around the head; they lived frugally; they practiced severe penances; they lived only to teach people about the Great Chief; they despised gold and personal possessions.

Don Juan marveled. He told them he was anxious to meet the man who could explain the song. The peddlers assured the chief that Father Luis would be glad to pay him a visit. Accordingly, Don Juan arranged with the peddlers that his young brother should return with them to Santiago with gifts. Later he instructed his brother to observe carefully and secretly the ways of the friars and to learn all he could about them.

In the wake of the song that had preceded him, Father Cancer went with his band of Indian companions to the Land of War. Triumphantly, he was led from the frontier to the Quiche town. Don Juan spread his huge arms in welcome.

Father Luis lived in Don Juan's house for three days. During this time he explained fully the story the peddlers had sung, and instructed the chief in the Christian faith. Don Juan assisted every morning at Father Cancer's Mass. The simplicity of the ritual and the beauty of the vestments impressed him. At the end of the third day Don Juan was baptized.

Father Cancer had brought with him the contract signed by the governor of Guatemala. The document stated that the Indians upon conversion would be guaranteed their liberty. Every form of slavery would be abolished. Don Juan's conversion was complete. With his own hands he overturned the stone gods that surrounded his house. Then he summoned his warriors and began at once to instruct them in Christian doctrine.

The unexpected zeal of the chief left the friar free to visit some of the neighboring tribes. Together with his peddler quartet and the son of the chief, he traversed cliff and gorge, entertaining the natives with his quartet and filling their hearts and minds with the simple Christian truths. Gradually the altar and

the cross replaced the Indian idols.

When the rainy season was over at the end of October, Father Cancer set his sights on Coban, a near-by nation. Don Juan tried to discourage the friar, for the natives of Coban were hostile. His warnings unheeded, the chief insisted on supplying a bodyguard of his bravest warriors. Thus escorted, Father Cancer and his peddlers sang and preached their way through all the neighboring provinces. The Coban converted, Father Cancer united them with the Quiches and established the semi-nomadic tribes in stable villages and towns.

That same year, 1540, Father Cancer was sent to Spain with Las Casas to secure the king's personal confirmation of perpetual freedom for the Guatemala Indians. Charles V himself placed the royal decrees in the hands of Father Cancer and charged him with their promulgation in Guatemala and Mexico.

Father Luis returned to Guatemala, accompanied by many Franciscan recruits. Together the padres continued to form well-ordered pueblos throughout the Guatemala highlands. Natives who once rallied to the roll of war drums now flocked to prayer at the call of the chapel bells. Being no longer the Land of War, the name was changed by royal decree to Land of True Peace. And Vera Paz it remains today, a memorial to a friar, four peddlers, and a song.



Priests go to work in overalls

300-Year Plan for France

By ANDREW BOYLE

Condensed from *Columbia**

T WAS a strange sensation, sitting opposite the little French docker-priest in that sunless room at Dieppe. I was listening to him tell of the famous *Mission de France*. I could not take my eyes off his tired face: that of a middle-aged man instead of one of 28. In its unhealthy yellow tinge I recognized the toll taken by months of back-breaking physical toil among the Le Havre dockers. But his eyes told a story of faith, and love, and perseverance in a mission which seemed impossible. Watching him, I thought, "What can three or four men like you do to touch even the fringe of the 18,000 dockers and sailors in that great French port?" Then I caught his glance once more, and I knew.

Dieppe was his birthplace. There he had returned to recuperate. The citizens had not yet grown accustomed to Father Dolé's worker's

clothes. As we strolled down La Grand-Rue, several of them nodded, then turned and stared at the sandals, the cheap calico trousers, the navy blue battledress-style blouse which were his "Sunday best."

"My outfit is the badge of my work," he said. "I live as a docker. I labor and take my leisure among dockers, such leisure as I get. I live in a couple of small rooms in the harbor area. I pay for my keep out of what I earn. And the work I do with my hands; the rest I need, but seldom get, when the day is over; the companions I make in the holds of ships or on waterfront streets—all this forms part of this new work. I am not planted like a communist militant to rope in converts or to talk back into the Church people who have long left and learned to despise her. No, the essential problem is broader by far. I am there as a kind of living extension of the

Church. She must identify herself with the paganized masses and their problems to the point of sharing their existence. Then only can she hope to bring back Christ where He belongs."

There was a streak of the fanatic in Father Dolé. His eyes burned with an almost unnatural brilliance. Afterwards, the curate from the local parish church explained, "Of course, Father Dolé is a very sick man. You can't work 20 hours a day, at the heavy physical labor of a docker and the sacramental charge of a priest, without cracking up sooner or later. We thought he wouldn't recover. He's been recovering here for the last three months, but all the time he's straining to be back. That's the trouble with some of the younger ones. They don't know where to stop."

I had read about the celebrated *Mission de France* before. A few Catholics have been deeply stirred by it. It was a frontal attack on neopaganism, organized by the bishops of France and led by a handful of picked priests. But the majority have shaken their heads. "Surely," ran the most frequent objection, "it is the job of the laity to go after the lapsed Catholics in France. The priest can't do two jobs. Besides, once he is known as a priest, he is all through. If he is not interfered with, he will be avoided."

There was another source of suspicion, too, from objectors. "What have the French to show for this

heroic work? How many conversions have there been since it began?" I remembered those criticisms as I listened to Father Dolé that afternoon.

Father Dolé was ordained three years ago. He completed his theology at Lisieux, and his stay in the new national seminary of France was a happy, but intensive, period of formation. He used a striking phrase: "They are rethinking theology in France these days." He was referring to the strategy of Catholic Action and the penetrating way in which truths of the Church are being applied to the crying needs of modern France.

"Students attend lectures and take examinations as before, but there seems to be a sense of urgency and reality that inspires everyone.

"Mind you, it isn't only the future priest-workers who are catered to at Lisieux. The whole course is designed with this emphasis on a practical method for the priests who are to carry out the traditional parochial duties, too. We gradually came to appreciate, while we were training, how our separate roles were related. Later on we would be able to understand each other's problems and cooperate closely."

Before ordination, small groups of students are given a foretaste of the future. They are sent to work for a year as miners and factory hands. The most experienced organizers and authorities in the field of Catholic Action add their knowl-

edge and skill to the lessons the seminarists are learning. And to these young men ordination day is the signal for advancing into the world with a plan of campaign in mind.

That was Father Dolé's enthusiastic summary of the Lisieux system. He had left much unexplained. Questions were trembling on the tip of my tongue. Yet I left them unasked. The challenging spirit of this great adventure seemed more important than the detailed plans themselves.

He was just as general about the solitary, thankless months that followed, after the Archbishop of Rouen sent him to the docks at Le Havre, in 1946. But once again, in the wisp of a word, I could savor what it had meant in terms of stubborn perseverance; what it had cost him in terms of bodily and spiritual weariness. Still, as he admitted, he had been prepared for the worst. He spoke of those tough, blaspheming dockers and sailors among whom he moved as if they were his children.

He told me how hard it had been to settle down to the routine. The day started about five in the morning. It carried him through the heavy tasks allotted to his work gang until evening, when he said Mass. It ended about midnight, after an apostolic "night out" with dock-side colleagues. I was intrigued by the casual efforts to build up the confidence of men who had long since

fallen away from the practice of their religion. He obviously regarded those hours of so-called leisure as the richest of all. "One evening it might be a drink and a game of billiards: another, a visit to a cinema. Sooner or later, my companions would show curiosity and interest. You must understand, too, that the faculties granted to priest-workers by the bishops are very wide indeed. In a sense, we have been given *carte blanche*.

"I had been drawing my pay for some weeks (\$40 a month) and had gradually been getting the feel of my double role before I found it useful to announce the fact that I was a priest. The effect on the two young men to whom I disclosed my secret was electrifying. At first, neither of them would believe me. What, they wanted to know, was it all about? I had long been awaiting this moment. I was ready. I explained why I had been sent to work with people like themselves. Gently, so as not to stir resentment at my tactics, I practiced the lessons that had been drummed into me at Lisieux. The pair didn't say much before leaving; and for the next two days I was on tenterhooks. I soon realized, however, that I had chosen my moment well. It was all around the wharf where I worked that 'Dolé is a priest'; but most of the workers still treated me as one of themselves. The barrier I feared most had been cleared."

At first Father Dolé said his eve-

ning Mass alone. Then one or two neighbors started to turn up. As he moved more and more about his fluid parish, the numbers slowly grew. There were no conversions, no spectacular gains among the lapsed. To be sure, a few who had slid, through apathy, into neglect of their religious duties, began to mend their ways. But, he said, "My main purpose was to strengthen the human ties that my toil as a worker was creating. Converting souls to Christ in that *milieu* would have called for heroic qualities that I don't possess and time I could never call my own. Anyway, I wasn't in the least worried about my failure to win back souls completely and at once. If I had been worried, I should have been turning my back on the real spirit of the priest-workers."

Fumbling in his hip pocket, Father Dolé produced a leaflet the size of a post card. On it was an outline of the meaning of Catholic Action for the France of 1949. And on the promenade at Dieppe, beneath the grim shells of beachside hotels gutted by Allied guns, the priest sat down on a bench and opened the leaflet.

He began to read selected passages aloud. "The Church's mission can be summed up in a few words: to make the Christian way of life possible and desirable to every man and every community of men. It isn't a matter of conversion, but rather of testimony and teaching. Conver-

sion is a personal mystery of love and the apostolate does not consist in provoking men to respond to God's love by subtlety, pressure or surprise. Nothing is more hateful to our contemporaries than a strategy of conquest of which they feel they are the target. The danger for the Church is in believing herself established in a given country or sphere of life because there is a hierarchy, a clergy, churches, and various forms of good works and activities. The Church (in France) is often absent from the real world, although she exists everywhere in the form of parishes."

This, no doubt, was what Father Dolé had called "re-thinking our theology." The whole concept of the *Mission de France* was now assuming for me a feasible convincing shape. The objections I had heard seemed suddenly idle and ill-considered. Charity, lived rather than preached, was the mainspring of its action.

The priest handed me the leaflet. "Take it with you. It may help you to understand better." That leaflet is open before me as I write, and someone has underlined a paragraph on Charity, or Love.

"The highest form of love consists in 'being with,' or 'being within,' and in a loyal sharing of the same destiny. Love is more than giving, though that definition is often given to it. There is love when I not only give but receive; when there is exchange; when there is mutual

enriching; dialogue, communion. There is love not only when I do something *for* someone, but when I do something *with* someone, when I establish a unity with another person. And that is exactly what the Church asks of us. She tells us: do not practice almsgiving, but love truly. In the same way, we must not only pray *for*, but *with* the world we have become part of."

It was plain why Father Dolé was quite undismayed by the uphill work that had broken his health at Le Havre. He did admit to "one notable convert of recent date," a communist militant who was "less of a communist and more of a Christian at heart than he knew." But his intention was not to impress me with a balance sheet of facts and figures. As Abbé Hollande, Superior of the Paris Mission, once put it: "I refuse to speak of results. We shall see those in 300 years' time!"

What was I to make of this tense little man who was still present in spirit among the workers he left until his physical strength returned? Was he drawing the long bow a bit, and was I somewhat too impressionable? Anyway, what had the problems of France, that nominally Catholic country as full of sin and sanctity in the mid-20th century as it ever has been, to do with the much more prosaic situation confronting Catholics in Protestant lands like Britain and the U.S.? Yet it was only right and natural to feel humble before the testimony of this

magnificent pioneering work for Christ.

What moved me in the end to set down the record of that illuminating conversation with Father Dolé was something which was happening almost simultaneously in Bordeaux. A colleague of mine was keeping an appointment with Bishop Maurice Feltin, now Archbishop of Paris and founder of the *Mission de France*.

"This specialized action is irreplaceable," Bishop Feltin said to Henri Rollet, of the London *Catholic Herald*. "For without it nobody would carry the message of Christ to those who are ignorant of it. The priest-worker must have exceptional qualities. He must have: a strong physique to enable him to face a hard task—this excludes ageing priests; enough experience of life to know that everything depends on initiative—this excludes the priest who is very young; and finally, strong morals, as the priest is living alone in surroundings where neither faith nor morals are to be found."

Bishop Feltin then explained that the parish "cannot reach all those who work in its domain. Catholic Action must reach them."

So were the Doubting Thomases answered. And with each passing day comes new energy to that sick, boyish priest I met at Dieppe; energy he will need to store against the day when he vanishes again into the silence and darkness of Le Havre.

Grunts and groans and agony make good entertainment when you're not quite sure they are real

Wrestlers Take Over Television

By ROLF FELSTAD

Condensed from the
Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune**

PROFESSIONAL wrestling on television has finished the job of shattering the privacy of the American home which was started by the picture window. What could be less private than having 500 pounds of two wrestlers in your living room? Today, while Aunt Emma learnedly discusses the double reverse stepover toehold, and Grandpa cusses out the referee, what do you think Junior is doing? Tutored by TV, he's out snapping femurs with the kid next door. If it isn't careful, the next generation is likely to grow up with right angles in its legs, and arms that flap backwards.

At the risk of becoming similarly unhinged, there are today probably more than 3,000 professional wrestlers alive, and kicking—each other. They work, as they say in the trade, up to five times a week.

In one good week a highly skilled wrestler may gross as much as \$1,500. This is considerably more than he could make 75 years ago, when people were knocking each other in



the head just for the fun of it. In one of the most famous wrestling matches of all time, in fact, neither contestant got a penny. They were Ulysses and Ajax, and their match resulted in one of the best wrestling stories of all time, done by Homer, a sports writer for one of the Greek papers. His account became known as *The Fall of Troy*.

The average wrestler, of course, makes a bit more than Ulysses, and quite a bit less than, say, Sandor (The Great) Szabo or Bronko Nagurski. An estimate of \$50-\$100 per bout per wrestler might be a little optimistic, but not much. Television promises to double that.

The blame for starting television wrestling probably belongs to Chicago, where customers were staying away by the thousands from four moderate-size wrestling arenas. The press agent used to drop around to the newspaper sports departments with a couple dozen passes, an advance story, and the coy reminder that his seven children were wasting away at home for lack of Pablum.

Come television, no press agent, no advance story, no passes. All the seats, the PA explained, were sold anyway. No newspaper publicity was needed.

Not always, however, has televised wrestling resulted in love for the hero, hisses for the villain, and money for the promoter. A St. Louis show, for instance, fell flat on its biceps when a Chicago program was piped into St. Louis the same night.

This is a little matter for promoters to settle among themselves, unless they prefer to open corner apple stands and dine on soup in assembly-line kitchens.

Television doubtless is raising a new crop of wrestling fans, some of whom will refuse to join the majority which doesn't ask questions but just has fun, and will want to know: Is wrestling real? Does it hurt? All of the 3,000 wrestlers and several-score promoters insist that wrestling life is real and earnest, and that victory is its goal. State athletic commissions have been known to take a dimmer view.

Eddie Egan, chairman of the New York commission, several weeks ago ordered that henceforth in his domain wrestling bouts must be advertised as "exhibitions." His bombshell was a dud. With practiced ease, mat promoters reached for the dictionary and gleefully quoted: "Exhibition, n. 1. Act or instance of exhibiting. 2. That which is exhibited. 3. Any public display, as of works of art, manufacture, commerce, or of

feats of skill." Feats of skill? Well!

At intermission time, customers crowd refreshment counters. The girl friend, still popeyed from the semiwindup, squeals, "Gee, wasn't that exciting? But I suppose it's all put on." Hers is the screech you hear ten minutes later when the villain belts the hero into the second row.

Or take Herman the bookkeeper, or salesman, or clerk. He's a mild fellow who wouldn't think of slugging anybody. But there's a little murder in every man. At a wrestling match he can let his atavism boil; it's harmless. Or he can identify himself with the Forces of Good, and with muscles aquiver join in the punishing blows that rain on the villain, or oppressor.

Does it hurt? Sure it does. It does not hurt the wrestler as much as it would you. He's a mass of muscle fiber and indestructible. After a body slam, you might get up or you might not. The wrestler, who knows how to fall, almost always survives the shock. But try a hammerlock. It is designed to dislocate the shoulder. A stepover toe hold can break a leg; a full nelson, a neck.

The fact that they seldom do, in the wrestling ring, is a tribute to the intelligence of the wrestler, who is usually a college graduate, occasionally a pharmacist, a lawyer, an author, or an attorney, frequently a farmer, and always smart enough to know that his opponent can't wrestle in Kansas City tomorrow if he breaks his leg in Minneapolis.

tonight. Still, the leg does break now and then.

Man Mountain Dean, 300 pounds of whiskers and gristle, had his leg bone laid open by Hans Steinke, a mammoth suetshaker from Germany. The leg healed, only to be fractured a few weeks later by Szabo. Bill Kuusisto, a likable University of Minnesota boy, nearly died in a New Zealand hospital last season. A rib broke, and punctured his lung at the start of what was to be his final match before returning home. It turned out to be his final match, period. Steve Kozak, a sawed off Hercules from Winnipeg, Canada, was never the same after Szabo drove his neck into the canvas with a backdrop hold.

A grappler's bugaboo may be broken bones, but the badge of the profession is a cauliflower ear. Sooner or later a blood vessel in the ear will burst under pressure of a headlock. Sooner or later it won't be lanced quickly enough. It puffs, and after a few more headlocks looks like something which has been chewed by a wildcat and run over by a lawnmower. There is one nice thing about a cauliflower ear. It doesn't hurt.

Wrestling rules vary throughout the world. In India, where the Great Gama was hailed as one of the mightiest of all wrestlers, the ring is earthen and the contestants must remain within its confines or lose. Europe favors the Greco-Roman style, which permits holds only

above the hips. American wrestling is catch-as-catch-can, which permits almost anything.

As recently as 30 years ago, wrestling in the U.S. was a cautious thing. Joe Stecher, now a Minneapolis promoter, and Ed (Strangler) Lewis once tugged away for five hours, scarcely ever leaving their feet, until the referee called it quits, and a draw.

Modern matches are limited to a half hour or an hour, as a rule, permitting the artisans to set a faster tempo. And something new has been added—what the trade calls showmanship. A master of showmanship adds to wrestling what Jack Dempsey gave to boxing, personality, magnetism, flair.

One of the most skilled of grappling showmen is Abe (King Kong) Kashey, a hairy and sinister-looking Syrian. A handy man with a hammerlock, Kashey would rather gouge your eye, pull your hair, kick your teeth, or bite your finger. Any woman wrestling fan would vote Kashey the wrestler she'd like most to stick a pin into. Several have.

King Kong probably has never struck a woman except in self defense, but the crippled fan who used to sit at ringside fared less well, especially when he flailed Kashey across the back with one of his crutches. Abe snapped the crutch across his knee. Then he thoughtfully grabbed the other crutch and snapped that, too.

Another time Kashey was at-

tempting to separate an opponent from his teeth, as usual, when the tables turned and the Syrian began to take a pummeling. Starting in the far corner of the ring, Abe sprinted across the canvas, leaped high over the ropes and down the steps and didn't slacken stride until he was safe in his dressing room. Only the fact that no one held a stopwatch on him prevents Kashey from holding the world record for the 100-yard dash down one flight of stairs and around one turn.

Several dozen infuriated fans appeared likely to use lynch law on Honest Abe during another bout. Kashey dived under the ring and refused to budge until police arrived to restore law, if not order. On one occasion referee Wally Karbo was getting into Kashey's hair as consistently as Kashey was getting into his opponent's. Abe locked both the foe and Karbo in a hold, with Karbo on the bottom, and held both there until Karbo became more cooperative, as well as unconscious. The gloating Kashey then proceeded to dissect his victim without interference.

Abe once did a good deed, despite himself. He was fined \$25 for inciting a wrestling riot in Great Falls, Mont., and the money was given to a grateful YMCA boys' club. Soon after, Kashey wrestled Dirty Dick Raines, a villain on a larger if not snider scale. For the first time in his life Abe heard his opponent booed, himself cheered. It was too

much. Kashey's spirit dropped, and he sagged dully into drab defeat, a failure at last.

Perhaps the most fabulous of matmen is Bronko Nagurski, the football immortal who made his professional wrestling debut in 1933. Stecher, who was the finest light heavyweight of his time, took Nagurski to the YMCA to give him a few pointers.

"We'll start with the body slam," said Tony. "Now you pick me up, so, and slam me on my back." Obediently, Nagurski picked up Stecher and slammed him. That finished the lesson, and Stecher, who was able to get out of bed three days later.

It wasn't long before Bronko won the world championship from Dean Detton, while 10,000 people in the Minneapolis auditorium shouted and cried and took an emotional bath right out in public.

Smaller than Nagurski, and more exotic, is Ali Baba, a squat Kurd with door-wide shoulders, shaven head, and handle-bar mustache. Baba, better known during two U.S. Navy hitches as Arseen Ekizian, was wont to pull down his antagonist's head and butt it with his own. Since Ali's noggin was 90% concrete, the effect on the opponent was like being hit by a paving stone.

Baba liked the idea so well he took to practicing it outside the ring. The little Kurd had sent a dozen wrestlers and one press agent away sore-headed when in came Ray Steele, a tall, lithe athlete who was himself a

veteran practical joker of the Jack Dempsey, or hotfoot, school. Baba bumped Steele's head. Ray grabbed Ali by the ears and bumped back. He bumped twice, three times, 15, 20. Baba staggered away, moaning. His concrete had met Steele.

Wladislaw Talun, nearly 7 feet tall and 300 pounds, could wrestle some. And his finishing hold, a sprawl of the giant Wladislaw frame across his opponent, had its merits. It became known, of course, as the Talun Fastener.

Oh, yes, there also was the Blimp, a 400-pounder; and the Falling Wall, 500 pounds of jelly; and the Angel, one part French, one part Neanderthal, and one part crustacean.

Of the college-graduate set is Mike Browning, of Toledo, an author-organist-movie cameraman-swimmer-inventor. Browning finally made so much money from an auto invention that he quit wrestling, an almost unheard-of thing.

Bobby Bruns, Northwestern university graduate and an able attorney, does most of his practicing in the wrestling ring. Bruns confided that he has wrestled in every country in the world where wrestling is popular, except Russia. "Even I," admitted Bruns, "am not strong enough to lift the Iron Curtain."

Recently, the wrestling profession has taken on a lunatic fringe. Gorgeous George, with his platinum hair and scarlet and golden robe, and his butler who flit-guns the ring

with perfume. The Gorilla, who is wheeled to the ring in a cage. Farmer Jones, who leads a pig on a leash. Nature Boy, who wears a leopard sarong and is accompanied by Slave Girl. The Arkansas Hillbilly, who totes a jug of applejack. Golden Superman, whose body is gilt with paint. Lord Carlton, one of the monocled, valeted imitations of Gorgeous George.

A wrestler's professional life is both profitable and long. Jim Londos, who must be shading 60, still tries it occasionally. Such candidates for septuagenarianism as Ed (Strangler) Lewis and John Pesek find it difficult to retire. They say a wrestler doesn't really mellow and mature till 35.

As for wrestlers meeting boxers, Kashey made quick work of Charley Retzlaff, a hard-punching heavyweight boxer, in one wrestler-boxer match. Toots Mondt took one Louis Aspin in another, tied his hands to his feet and placed him neatly trussed, in the center of the ring. Mondt was quoted recently as saying, "That was real pleasureable."

There are probably 50 women wrestlers in the nation, most of them pretty, and extremely solvent. It is practically impossible to tell a woman wrestler from a stenographer except by her collection of fur coats, diamond necklaces, and \$100 bills.

Billy Wolfe, a former wrestler from Kansas City, is the man who made women's wrestling popular.

Mildred Burke, the long-time women's champion, has drawn gates of \$25,000, \$50,000, and \$100,000 in Boston, St. Louis, Mexico City, and Montreal. The girls are on television, too.

People evidently feel that it's too

late to do anything about television wrestling now. If so, it'll serve them right. Look what happened to the ancient Sumerians who wrestled around Baghdad 5,000 years ago. They forgot to bar the stranglehold. Now they are all dead.



Flights of Fancy



Birds urging the morning to get up.
—*Ogden Nash*.

Fog, a wet spider web brushing his face.—*Patrick Gillese*.

Some cars lowered their eyelids, others glared at each other in passing.
—*C. Hamer*.

Somber hills arched their black spines.—*Joseph Conrad*.

His bald head rosy with emotion.—
“The Black Arrow” on Family Theater.

Rain typing on a tin roof.—*Paul Schulze*.

Two rival actresses chatterboxing.—*Sid Sheldon*.

Small waves chucking the rowboat under the chin.—*Harry E. Reece*.

Little lights sitting on shore with their tails wagging in the water.—*Harry E. Reece*.

Poise: Art of raising eyebrows instead of the roof.—*Hudson Newsletter*.

Children wending their round-about way home from school.—*Sallie Bristow*. . . . Child walking around with his sleep showing.—*J. Melvin Elvin*.

Perfumed fog of flattery.—*James A. Magner*.

Inched her way to heaven on the beads of her rosary.—*Leone B. Calahan*.

A laugh as soft as a marshmallow.—*Mary Ann Stiefermann*.

Walks as if balancing the family tree on his nose.—*Raymond Moley*.

Put him in his place with a few well-frozen words.—*Marguerite Ratty*.

A newspaper mind, a mile long and an inch deep.—*A. S.*

Thin blades of sunlight sliced the darkness of the room.—*Mary Risch*.

Flood: River too big for its bridges.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Tact: Unsaid part of what you think.—*Henry Van Dyke*.

*They pray, praise God, and do penance for those
who cannot or will not*

Hermit Monks of the Great Chartreuse

By ROGER CAPEL

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

A NEWS ITEM that came out of Vichy, France, in the somber 40's was like a ray of sunshine on a dark day. Just a couple of lines at the bottom of the page: "Carthusian monks have returned to the Great Chartreuse near Grenoble, from which they were expelled in 1903."

That little item brought back memories of a visit some 20 years ago: the approach by the winding mountain road from Grenoble; the throng of sightseers; the empty monastic cells; the great library with its shelves bare of books; the vast church with dusty choir stalls and desecrated altar. The guide spoke of the past; the buildings echoed his words. We were intruders, wandering unbidden in the home of men who had been dispossessed for no crime save the living of the Christian contemplative life to the full.

The Carthusians are not often heard of, there are not many of them (fewer than 1,000 monks and not more than 20 monasteries), and they have no monastery on the American

continent. Their life is a mixture of Community life like the Benedictines', and of life as hermits, the latter predominating.

The Carthusians were founded by St. Bruno, who was born in Cologne about 1035 A.D. He gave up a promising career when as a canon of Rheims he was being pressed to become archbishop of that city, and retired to the mountain solitude of Chartreuse (*Cartusia* in Latin, hence the English word) that St. Hugh, bishop of Grenoble, had offered to him. He had only a few companions. With them, he built, not a monastery, but a collection of huts surrounding a small oratory. In poverty and austerity Bruno and his companions lived a life of contemplation.

He left his solitude to go to Rome at the command of Pope Urban II to give counsel in the government of the Church. He refused the cardinal's hat. He still longed for the solitary life, and finally the Pope released him. He settled in Calabria, where he founded another hermit-

tage, and there he died on Oct 6, 1101, at the age of 66.

At the height of their prosperity, the Carthusians never had more than 200 houses. Compared with the Benedictines and the Cistercians in their heyday, this is relatively few. But Carthusian monks have other claims to distinction. They can glory in the fact that their Order has never known reformation—it was never reformed because it was never deformed.

The greater part of the Carthusian monk's life is passed in his cell. This cell is in reality a little cottage comprising four rooms and a corridor for exercise on wet days. The ground floor contains a workshop with carpenter's bench and suitable tools. There is a small garden at the back. On the floor above is a small anteroom and the cell proper. At a table in the window the monk takes his meals on most days in the year. A bookshelf and desk provide the necessary tools for the intellect. Against the other wall is the bed (curtained off during the day) and the oratory, where, at the sound of a bell, and with all the ceremonies as if he were in choir, the monk says a great deal of the Divine Office.

The habit is made of rough white serge. Day and night the monk wears a hair shirt next to his skin.

At 11 P.M., just when the world outside is thinking of going to bed, the bell arouses the Carthusian from his first sleep. Directly he is dressed, he says Matins and Lauds of the

Office of Our Lady in his oratory. A quarter of an hour before midnight the bell rings again, calling the monks to the church for Matins and Lauds of the Divine Office proper. The long cloister is lighted momentarily by the flickering lanterns of the monks as they make their way slowly from their cells to the church. A great part of the Office is sung by heart. The whole of Matins and Lauds is sung every night (the Carthusians are the only Order in the Church to do this now), and the church is frequently in darkness save for the flickering light of the sanctuary lamp or the two candles on the altar. All the singing is unaccompanied.

After Matins the monk returns to his little house for a further three hours' sleep. He is up again at 5:45 A.M. to say Prime, and soon after 6:30 he goes to the church for the sung conventional Mass. After this, the priests say Mass. The whole day revolves around the timetable for the Divine Office, the hours of which are announced by the church bell.

Dinner (there is no breakfast) varies according to the season and the day, feast or fast, between 10 A.M. and midday. The meal is brought by lay Brothers and put into a little hatch by the cell door. Meat is never eaten. After dinner there is a short period of recreation, in solitude of course, until noon. At 2:30 comes Vespers of Our Lady followed by Vespers of the day in church. Sup-

per (such as it is—there are so many fasting days) comes at 4:30 P.M. Spiritual reading and various occupations fill the time until Compline, which is always said in the cell, at six. The monk is in bed by seven. Intervals between Offices and meals are filled by private prayer, study, and manual labor in garden or workshop.

The foregoing is the usual Carthusian day. On Sundays and great feast days the whole Office is chanted in church, the monks eat together in the refectory, and have a short recreation in common. Once a week the monks take a walk together outside the monastic enclosure. In this way balance is preserved between hermit and community life.

A description of Carthusian life would be incomplete without mention of the famous liqueur invented and manufactured under direction of the monks at the Great Chartreuse. Its composition is a closely guarded secret; many of its ingredients are mountain herbs that grow near the monastery. Profits from sale of the liqueur are nearly all spent on others; large sums are given by the Carthusians for relief, building hospitals, and the missions. I once asked a French Carthusian if he pre-

ferred green or yellow chartreuse. "I'm afraid I can't tell you," he replied, "I've never tasted it."

The practical utility of such a life as that of the Carthusians is not acknowledged by the modern world. People confuse loneliness with being alone with God. But Catholics can see how the contemplative vocation fits into the scheme of life, how some members of the mystical Body pray and do penance for the sake of others who cannot or do not.

Stat crux dum volvitur orbis—the cross stands while the earth turns round—is the Carthusian device. It is particularly apt as a summary of the Carthusian monks' life.

Paradoxically, the enemies of the Church always attack the Carthusians and other contemplatives first. In England, in the 16th century, Henry VIII turned his attention to the Carthusians first of all; they resisted him almost to a man and gave the Church 18 martyrs, the first fruits of the persecution in England. At the beginning of this century, the anticlerical French government turned with fury against the Carthusians and drove them into exile. Now they are back again, and the centuries-old round of prayer, praise, and penance has begun again.

THE little choir in the Negro mission church had sung the Benediction very well indeed. So the Sister in charge proudly announced to her little choristers, "The pastor thinks you have sung so beautifully that he wishes you to sing for Forty Hours." The protracted silence was broken by a bewildered child, who asked, "But do you think we could last that long?"

From *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (1 Aug. '49).

This is the true story of a priest who only last year made his escape from a Russian labor camp. To forestall communist reprisals against his mother and members of his Order who still live under Soviet rule, he prefers not to publish his nationality nor his identity.

Four Years a Soviet Slave

By FATHER X

Condensed from *The Sign**

WHEN I was a student at Oxford university, I thought I was a long way from home. I never dreamed that I would one day mine coal in Russia as a slave worker.

When I was ordained, I did not foresee that a few years later I would crouch beside the dying in a Soviet freight car, a prisoner among prisoners, praying, absolving, but unable to administer Extreme Unction or give Viaticum.

Standing at the door of my prison barracks, watching the swirling snows of four Russian winters, I did not expect ever to see the towers of New York and the happy, healthy faces of the American people going freely about their daily affairs.

It was late 1944 when I started on my journey to the land behind the Iron Curtain. I had been teaching in

the Catholic college of my city during the Soviet occupation. The Iron Curtain was inching down. Few of us realized how soon it would slam, sealing us off from freedom and the free peoples.

My subject was European history, and we had arrived at the French revolution. In connection with this, I lectured for a week on the different systems of revolution, including the Marxist revolution.

One night (such things always happened after dark), a civilian and two Russian soldiers armed with machine guns appeared at the monastery and asked for me. The civilian must have been a member of the local Communist party. There was no explanation and no charge. But I was no doubt arrested because of my lectures on Marxism. Some of



my pupils probably discussed them at home or in public places where they were overheard. Such is life in a police state.

I got up and dressed. Fortunately, I was wearing a warm shirt and heavy trousers under my habit. They were to constitute my entire wardrobe en route to Russia. My habit and every religious article I carried were removed when I arrived at the prison camp to which I was hustled on the outskirts of the city. The camp was already filled with thousands of civilians and soldiers. Many were German prisoners of war.

I stayed there four days, during which I met 15 to 20 priests, a few of them military chaplains. I think there were hundreds more. The camp extended over a large area, and the few I met happened to be in my own vicinity. I never saw them again.

Then I was put into a group, and ordered to board a freight car. We were taken to the notorious camp for Jewish prisoners built by the Nazis at Auschwitz, Poland. It housed about 50,000 prisoners, civilians, and prisoners of war. I was there for a month and a half.

During that time we were to be screened in the Soviet fashion. Russian physicians and Jewish doctors, held by the Russians for the purpose, examined each man. All crippled, blind, and hopelessly ill private soldiers and civilians were marked for return to their own countries. They

did not constitute man power. But amputee and blind officers, whose brains and education might prove useful, and all others fit for work were designated for Russia.

You will ask how we fared at Auschwitz. We slept in brick barracks on double-decker beds. There was no bedding whatsoever. We slept on the bare boards. Our diet consisted of two bowls of soup a day, one slice of bread, and a spoonful of sugar. In compliance with the Geneva Convention, army officers also got two square-inch slices of butter daily.

Our journey from Poland to the Russian border took a month. We were piled in freight cars, 50 men to a car, with armed Russian guards riding on top. There was no room to lie down. There was no light. The only ventilation came from a little, square, side opening. This was heavily wired to balk attempts at escape or communication with the outside. Our toilet was a small hole cut in the floor of the car.

We received no food while the train was moving. At stops we were given bread and *kasha*, a Russian dish consisting of boiled grain and a bucket of water was provided for each car. Unfortunately, the train would run two to three days without stopping.

In my car five died before we reached the Russian border, and one had been dead three days before the body could be removed. All were Catholics. Two of them were Slo-

vaks and three Germans. Before they died I heard their confessions, gave them absolution, and I prayed.

One day six young German officers tried to escape from the next car. They were pursued into the woods, caught, and lined up in front of the train.

Then they were ordered to strip, the usual preliminary to execution. The Soviets do not waste clothing on the dead. As I watched through the wires of the ventilator, one of them turned and looked up at me. I had met him, he knew I was a priest. "Father," he seemed to beg, "will you give absolution?"

To speak would have endangered the life of every man in the car. I gestured: are you all Catholics asking for absolution?

All six were watching me then, and they nodded. I struck my breast to indicate they must tell God they were sorry for their sins. They nodded again. I was making the sign of the cross in absolution when they were shot.

At the Soviet frontier we halted a week to be "controlled." Identities were not important, but numbers were. The police counted the prisoners, segregated the dying, removed the dead and buried them beside the tracks.

Two weeks later, February, 1945, we arrived at a prison camp near Leningrad. During the four years I was a prisoner of the Soviets I came to know four of their camps. In the first our work consisted of felling

trees. In the second we mined coal. At the third we worked in peat bogs. Assembling prefabricated log cabins sent into Russia as war reparations was our task at the last camp. We worked an eight-hour day, but the catch consisted in working according to Soviet norms, decided upon by the government. At each camp government inspectors supervised the work and gave daily reports to the authorities. If a work group failed to fulfill its norm, it went hungry. If it filled the norm 100%, each worker got cabbage soup for breakfast, dinner, and supper, a dish of *kasha*, almost a pound of bread, and a spoonful of sugar.

How did we use the sugar? In every barracks there was a barrel of hot water which the Russians called tea. The sugar was for the "tea."

In addition to the food I've mentioned, army officers got butter and a little tobacco. In every camp, all but staff officers were obliged to work. This, I believe, is a violation of the Geneva Convention.

The best food we ever ate was in the first camp, where we were given American canned goods. The Russians were feeding on U.S. canned products at that time.

Our barracks were made of wood and heated by a kind of ash barrel with holes in it. If we could scavenge some peat, we had a fire. The first year we slept on boards with no bedding. Blankets were issued the second year. They were an assortment of German, Slovak, and

Rumanian army blankets. Finally we were given straw mattresses.

Guards were strictly forbidden to beat prisoners, but occasional beatings did take place. During the winter of 1947, we went on strike. This procedure, unheard of in the Soviet, astounded the prison officials. Why this strike? Day after day, month after month, year after year, we had been promised that we were going home. The strike was a protest against those thousands of unfulfilled promises. It was broken after the leaders were jailed four days in open pens in the prison yard. Fortunately, none of them died of exposure. The other strikers were deprived of all food.

During the years of slavery, I never was able to celebrate Mass because I couldn't obtain any wine, and I had no missal. Soon after I arrived at the first camp, I asked permission to hold a service for all Christians.

"Yes," I was told. "In Russia we have free religion. If the prisoners demand it, you may hold a service. But you must not do it on your own initiative."

The other prisoners expressed their wish for community worship of God.

The most powerful official in every camp is the secret-police officer. I was told to submit to this MVD officer a manuscript of every word that would be said at the service. I prepared it and a fellow prisoner translated it into Russian for

me. No objection was transmitted.

Consequently, I was naïve enough to believe that everything was set, and I designated Sunday morning for the first service. We did no regular work on Sundays. At the hour scheduled for the service, the Soviets organized a propaganda lecture which every prisoner was obliged to attend. The next time they organized a film show, attendance compulsory. The third time "special urgent work" turned up. We were sent to unload a trainful of lenses and other optical goods from Germany. The men were surprisingly clumsy over that job. A great number of crates were dropped and broken open, and an enormous number of lenses were smashed.

And so it went. I was never forbidden, but never given an opportunity to hold a service.

What about the Russian people? Of course we were forbidden to have any contacts with the civilian population, but we managed somehow to meet country people and factory workers. They were all very poor, and kind and friendly. In spite of their own poverty, they would try to slip us a cigarette or a piece of bread. Many of the young people who boasted of their membership in the Communist party were as kind to us as the others. Compassion dies hard, even in Russia.

I also came across deeply religious persons, most of them elderly. Once we were being taken by truck to a peat bog a long distance from camp.

The truck broke down in a little village, and the guards sought warmth and shelter while the driver was making repairs.

Blue with cold, after an hour or so we decided to follow the guards' sensible example and dispersed into the village houses. I went to the dwelling of a couple who appeared to be in the 60's. When my companion, who spoke Russian, told them I was a priest, they wept. The old woman assembled her six grandchildren and asked me to baptize them. Her husband said, "If their parents knew, we'd have trouble. But they are away for the day."

The parents belonged to the lost generation of Russians for whom God has been propagandized out of existence.

Moscow is a beautiful city. It is the showplace of the Soviet Union, and no effort is spared to keep it clean and attractive. It is the law: every car and truck must be washed before entering the city. The streets are full of fine taxis, dark blue with a black-and-white checked pattern around the handle; elegant private cars made in Russia but modeled on American and European designs; and handsome streamlined buses.

The stores are well stocked with luxury goods, fruit, perfumes, Paris clothes, and are attended by neatly dressed saleswomen. Of course none of "the people" would dare enter one of those places. They are so expensive only the very rich can buy. Like everything else in Russia,

they are owned and operated by the State.

I come from a country that was once a monarchy. Our nobility and aristocracy is rooted far in the past. I have lived in other countries, both monarchies and republics. Nowhere have I observed such class distinctions as I saw in Soviet Russia.

Restaurants, for example, have three dining rooms. Workmen are permitted only in the third-class room. Engineers and other *Natshalnik* (best translated as chief or authority) have the run of the second class. Only top communists, factory directors, and army officers are permitted in the first-class rooms.

Since the war, a distinct military class has been emerging. On trains, many cars are labeled "For Officers Only." Whether they are full or empty, nobody else is permitted to use them. Military academies have been instituted. The cadets are beautifully dressed and they live well. The Soviets probably copied all this from the German military system.

Hated and resented by all Soviet workers are the *Natshalnik*. These are in a position to help themselves. They may chisel, and they always do. But a worker cannot augment his income in any way.

When I escaped from Russia last year, a factory worker's pay was 400 rubles a month. You can gauge the purchasing power of this when I tell you that a pound of the poorest quality meat cost 45 rubles; a pair of men's shoes, 600 rubles; and a suit

of clothes, 1,000 rubles. A pound of sugar cost 15 rubles, and a loaf of bread, five. It is true that skilled workers, mechanics, and electricians were better paid. But the great majority of the population is unskilled.

To save man power, the death penalty was abolished in 1947. But a man can get 25 years at forced labor for stealing a bag of potatoes. A prisoner of war in our barracks committed the crime and that is what he got.

On paper, we political prisoners were paid for our work, but we never received any money. When we complained, we were told, "You get food, clothing, laundry, and electric light in your barracks. You must pay for your support."

Officers, however, were allowed ten rubles a month, and staff officers 15. Once I acquired a few rubles. I bought an apple for five rubles and a cheese sandwich for eight rubles

at the canteen. Imagine, fruit and a sandwich after years of soup and bread!

I dare not go into details of how I escaped. But one might ask how I ever could recognize Paris clothes in Moscow shops. Well, I finally got to Paris myself.

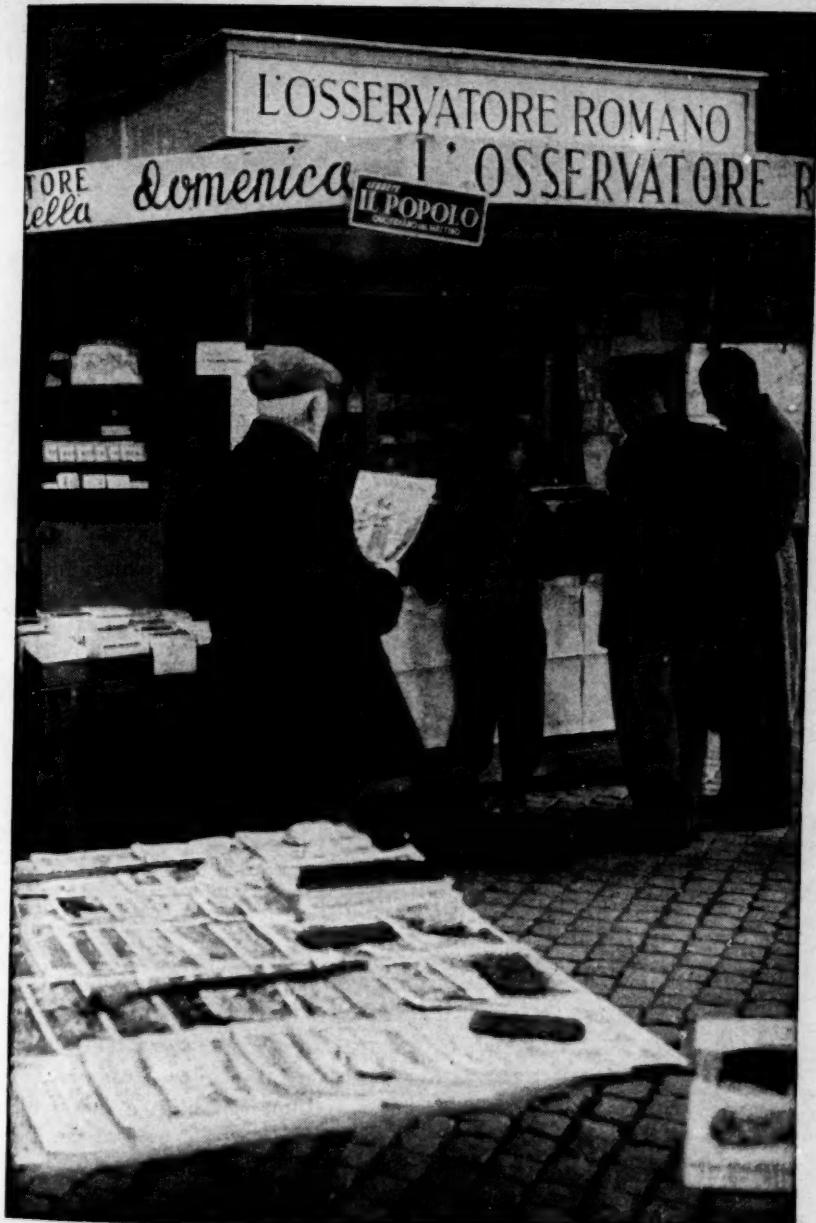
I escaped in the early days of May, which is our Lady's month, and I made a vow that if I were not recaptured I would visit Lourdes to offer thanks. It took me 11 months to fulfill that promise. On my way to Lourdes, I spent a few days resting in a monastery of my Order in Paris.

I cannot speak of the other countries through which I traveled furtively, relying all the time on men of good will. I dare not now pay tribute to the God-loving souls who helped me and my two companions. But I think that, some day, almighty God will permit it to be told.

PICTURE STORY

L'Osservatore Romano Voice of the Vatican

The Pope, as Stalin has contemptuously observed, has no army. Yet, in the world-wide battle for men's souls, he wields a powerful weapon: his newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano* (the *Roman Observer*). It has no comics, no scandal, yet it is one of Italy's most popular papers, and influences more people all over the world than any half dozen other papers combined. The man on the front cover may have bought his copy from the very news-stand shown on the next page.





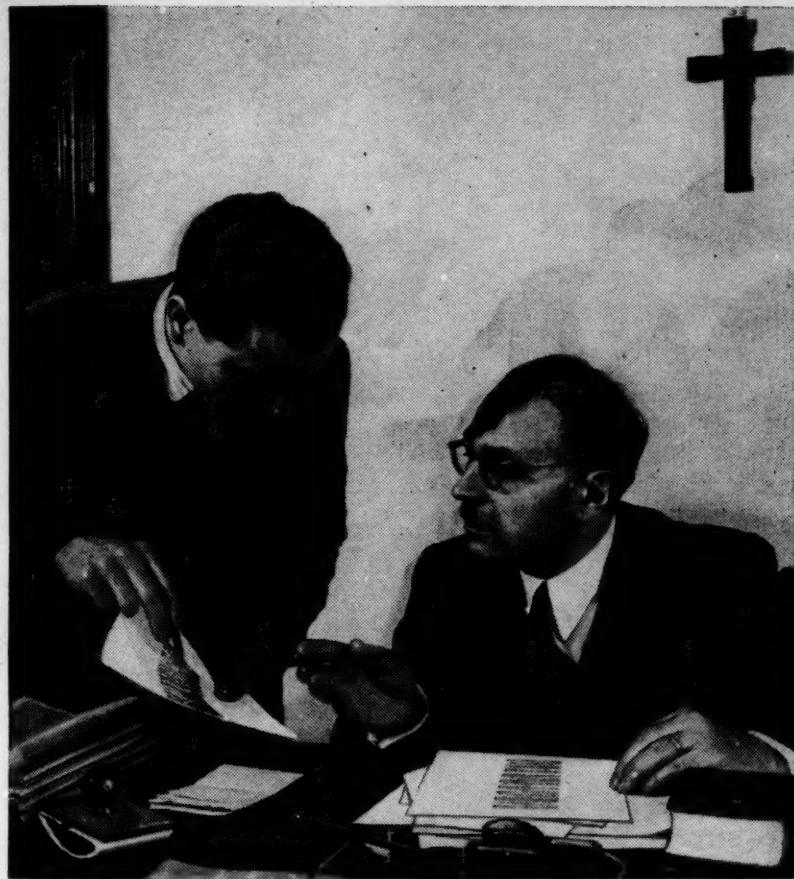
The *Osservatore*, you see from the signs, gets top billing at the stand, on a street alongside the wall of Vatican City. And here, on the Via Pellegrino, far in the rear of the Vatican State, is the home of the *Osservatore Romano*. Here is printed the paper which speaks with authority to 338 million Catholics. Men of every faith and no faith listen when *Osservatore* speaks, for it is the world's most powerful force today against communism.



Count Giuseppe Della Torre has been managing editor of the papal paper for 28 years. It is from this littered desk that the grizzly editor launches vitriolic attacks and counterattacks on the enemies of God, His Church, and His people. Della Torre himself writes all articles against communism and about 90% of all controversial pieces published in his paper. *Osservatore* carries no crime news, scandal, sports, financial news, gossip, nor comic strips.



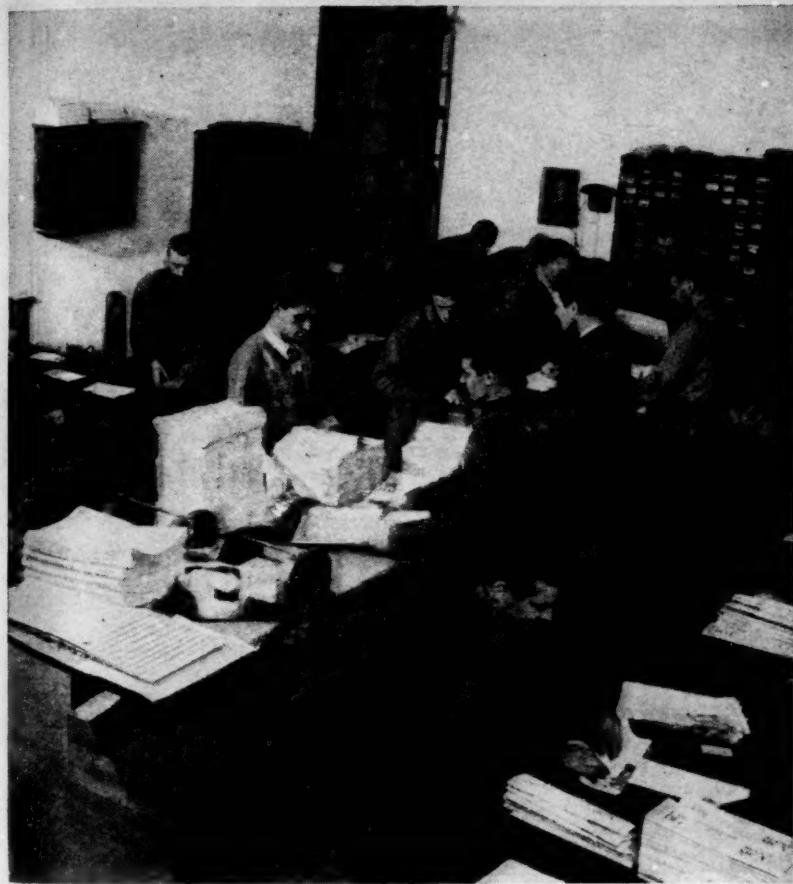
"Page after page, we roll 'em away." This is the chant in print-shop composing rooms the world over. Here's another page of *Osservatore Romano* all made up in the form, ready to be printed as soon as proofs are checked. The type was set on the linotype machines over against the wall. *Osservatore* printers are able to set type in as many as 34 languages, but *Osservatore* is printed only in Italian. The paper is now in its 88th year.



The *Osservatore* is run by an editorial board of six laymen, each an expert on some specific subject, each appointed by the Pope himself. Most important member is Professor Casido Lolli (right). Here he is correcting proofs brought to him from the composing room by a sub-editor. He checks the Pope's extemporary speeches. Stories are checked and re-checked. *Osservatore*, they say around the office, may not be prompt, but it is sure.



This is the matrix machine, on which are made the curved plates from which *Osservatore* is printed. The impression of the type in the page "forms" was carried by means of matrices, or "mats," to the plates. The plates are locked onto rollers on the fast rotary presses, and soon the papers are flowing off, all folded. Circulation is now about 80,000 copies a day. There are 20 Italian workers, all union, in the composing and press rooms.



The finished product. Stack after stack of the *Osservatore* is brought to the mail room. Copies turn up in every corner of the globe. Soon metropolitan dailies will be quoting stories from this, the world's most international newspaper. American correspondents in Rome say *Osservatore*'s foreign coverage is the best in the world. The paper has 300 "instructors"—who report but do not write—all over the world.

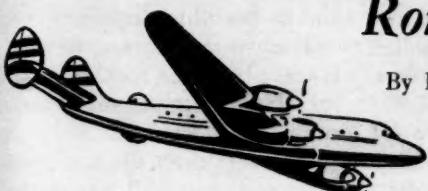


Osservatore often publishes news of international importance which no other newspaper can secure. That is why it is received and read in Paris, Ankara, Chicago, Nanking, Senegal, Tibet, Tierra del Fuego—and even Moscow. *Pravda* editors get it to read rebuttals to their attacks; Stalin learns from news reports and editorials written in fire that even without army divisions the Pope is indeed the head of the Church Militant.

*Not so much where he was,
but what he thought where he was*

Rome Flight

By PAUL BUSSARD



Jan. 30. Limerick.

THE bus load of correspondents were en route from the Shannon airport to Limerick. It was a mixed group of Catholics and Protestants from the U. S., together with some TWA people and Irish-government representatives. I had assumed that all the Irish were Catholic. As we went through Limerick (20,000 pop.) an Irish girl remarked with some pride that there were 17 churches in the town. And just at the moment she pointed out the window and said, "And there is a Protestant church."

With my customary heavy humor I said, thinking of the Protestants in Italy and Spain, "Perhaps we should get out to see if any of them are being persecuted."

The gentleman in the seat behind me said, "Let me tell you about that, Father. I myself am a Protestant. And I can assure you that none of us are persecuted. Ireland is 93% Catholic and only 7% Protestant in the South. Yet there has never been in my memory a single case of persecution on religious grounds."

In February I was the guest of Trans World Airline on a two-week flight through Europe. These are some observations made on the way.

"That is a great credit to the country," I said. "But it seems to me the law of averages would demand at least one case."

(An Irish canon later demolished that law-of-averages idea. He was asked how long one had to be ordained, on the average, before he could expect to be appointed pastor. He said, "According to the law of averages a priest is made pastor in Ireland three years after he is dead.")

"Yes," the man behind me said, "there are cases of brawls and fights. But they are taken into the courts, and sentences are given without any regard to the religion of the assailant.

"And in addition, we Protestants, although we are only 7%, always have $\frac{2}{5}$ ths to $\frac{3}{5}$ ths of the judges on the bench. The reason is twofold. First, we Protestants are descended from the landowners before the re-

public and are, therefore, richer, and enjoy a better education than the average. The second and equally important reason is that the Catholics lean over backward to be tolerant to us. As an employee in the Ministry of Transportation, I have always had Catholic employers, and I have experienced no discrimination whatsoever."

The bus went on gaily. We stopped at a pub to get some Irish whisky to take the chill off the weather. On the way back, we, in the rear of the bus, began singing. I remember with especial pleasure that my Protestant friend, who had given me the lesson in tolerance, took the house down with a melodious, and slightly ribald, satirical song about Catholics.

Jan. 31. Paris.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST office is a few blocks from Notre Dame cathedral, in the oldest part of Paris on the street of the little bridge. A block or so away is the ancient church of St. Séverin. I stopped in there this morning. It was cold as an icebox and filled with the silent chill exuded by the primitive stones. Still, a few persons were there kneeling in prayer.

The only warmth besides the praying persons was the altar, or rather one of the two altars. One was cold, one was warm. The cold one was the old one: an ornate altar against the apse wall, encumbered with many figures of saints and intricately carved candlesticks. There the priest would stand with his back

to the people, removed from them by the distance from the altar rail and by his odd position.

The warm one was the new one. It was placed ten feet from the altar rail. It is a simple table with two supports, and covered with a plain clean white cloth. On it are two candles, and overhead hangs the regnant crucifix. There the priest stands facing the people. There he is not separated from them by distance nor by his position. They—he and they—together pray the Prayer of prayers.

The district about St. Severin is poor and riddled with communistic influence. The church there had been rendered empty with absent people. Now they return one by one.

I thought, "Perhaps when the priest turns his back to the people to celebrate Mass and is separated from them by distance and position, they in turn, turn their backs to him and walk out of the church."

Feb. 1. London.

I flew here from Paris today to keep a luncheon engagement with Douglas Woodruff, the distinguished editor of the *Tablet*, and his charming wife. Before lunch in their flat we had a few glasses of sherry and, with the lunch, a bottle of mead. I had never before drunk mead, which is a pity, because I found it quite delightful. It is wine made with honey.

In pre-Reformation England it was the national drink, and bee-keeping was a highly profitable en-

terprise. Beekeepers sold the honey to the producers of mead and the beeswax to the makers of ecclesiastical candles.

After the Reformation the Protestant churches did not want genuine beeswax candles. They no longer had a belief in the real Presence, so it didn't matter to them what they used for light. It might as well be tallow or a torch. Since they had abandoned the Body of the Lord, they also abandoned beeswax which, made into a candle, consumes its pure self in symbol of self-sacrifice in His presence.

So the beekeepers lost a market. The industry became unprofitable, and diminished to such an extent that soon wine growers had no honey for their mead. Then the wine growers of France and Italy captured the market, and so it has remained ever since.

I think the gloomy founders of the sects would have rejoiced had they known they had destroyed so happy an industry.

Feb. 1. Paris.

In the Hotel George V tonight the American group had a March of Dimes ball. Some 300 persons were going about the floor to the music of a French band trying amiably to play American music. Each of them had paid 1,000 francs, which amount of debased French coinage amounts to \$2.83, about 17 times less than it was when I was a student here.

In ancient Rome, a consul who debased the coinage could confident-

ly expect little less than assassination.

It occurred to me looking at the March of Dimes deal that the man who started the March of Dimes started also the spiral of inflation in the U. S., and that the most that could happen now was that the March of Dimes were better described as the March of Nickels.

Feb. 2. In flight to Milan.

Yesterday during two hours in London I was in five taxicabs. They were all quite similar, as are all the cabs: the old English coach set on wheels, with an engine and driver in front. The driver is the coachman. You do not talk to him. In fact, the construction of the car, with its glass separation, makes it practically impossible. He does not wish you to. He is the servant and you are the taxed (now also the taxed) gentry.

Cities express their culture by their taxicabs, a manner appropriate to this mechanical age. Thus in London the distinction between classes is maintained by their separation within the cab, and the little box set on wheels might just as well be put on Christmas cards as what we have on them now. English tradition, reserve, and noncommunicative isolation.

Take a few other cities. In Washington, D. C., cabs are small and multitudinous. (You can stand on any street, raise your hand, and a cab will pull up within minutes.) You may sit in the back seat of the small car or, if it is filled, beside the

driver. You practically have to engage in conversation with him. It is a social custom. He is just as important and often more informative than you are. This is the city of democracy in the New World. Its cabs say so.

Or New York. This is the big city. They have a municipal regulation here that cabs may not be less than so many feet long—25 or so. Every cab has as many lights as a Christmas tree. You may talk to the driver or not, as you wish. If you do talk to him, you will be forced to listen to complaints, because he, like the others in New York, is slightly neurotic.

New York is a big city. It has to express its size in its cabs. So they are big affairs. It doesn't matter that traffic is maddening and that it might be reduced by smaller cabs. That will never be done because the city, like an artist, must act according to its nature. It is a big city. It has big buildings, big cabs, and it is filled with slightly mad citizens.

Or Paris, the city of the revolution. In a cab you are a citizen, equal to the *cocher*, and you are his fraternal companion in liberty. His cab stands in the middle of the street. It faces north. You approach the citizen owner and explain you wish to go south. Nothing doing. Why not? Well you see the cab is facing the wrong direction. It means to go north. No, impossible, quite impossible. It means to go north. You may as well go on and look for another.

I wonder what the cabs are like in Moscow.

Ancient Rome. Feb. 3.

At the luncheon given by the Rome Chamber of Commerce we were handed a *Pocket Guide to Rome*. It was a list of shops selling everything from "objects d'art" to night-club happiness. It had been compiled from the "personal list of the Countess Flavia della Gherardesca." Next to me sat an industrialist who spoke English as badly as I spoke Italian. To make conversation he pointed to the name Gherardesca. "A family," he said, "very old in Rome. They are in Dante's *Divina Commedia*."

Rome. Sunday, Feb. 5.

The 37 newsmen on the flight had an audience with Pius XII today. Probably three-fourths are non-Catholics, but they, like us, brought rosaries and medals to be blessed. Some of them brought so many that they carried them in small handbags.

So we stood in a large circle in the great consistory reception hall in front of the papal throne. Behind three or four of the men on the marble floor rested a little bag with *TWA* written on the side, filled presumably with objects to be blessed.

Before the Pope came into the room the correspondent next to me, who happened not to be Catholic, said in a low voice, "I should think these Swiss Guards would know better than to allow such TWA bags

to be brought in here. They didn't even open them. For all they know there could be dynamite or grenades in them. I covered the White House for four years, and, believe me, you'd never get by the U. S. secret service with that sort of thing."

"I don't know why they are so careless," I said, "but I'd guess it is because there will always be another Pope."

Then His Holiness came into the room, went to every person, spoke to each one, gave each one a medal, blessed each one without knowing whether he were Catholic or Mohammedan, and blessed their families. Since there were some 200 persons in the great hall, it took something like an hour and a half.

During it my friend whispered, "The charge of imperialism against the Vatican or the Pope is more ridiculous than I ever thought. He is only a good, hard-working, sincere and holy man."

The throne in that great hall is covered with damask and shielded with an ornate canopy. His Holiness, after a final blessing during which we all knelt, left without sitting upon it.

Rome. Feb. 6.

Yesterday a Belgian from Damascus went to the beatification of Maria Acosta. So did 70,000 other people who managed to get inside St. Peter's and many other thousands who stood outside the doors in vain. The Belgian lady from Damascus, extremely well fed and showing it,

found that the chair to which she had been assigned had been taken by someone else, as mine had also been. With European persistence she complained bitterly to the Swiss Guard who blocked the passage and cut off what little view we had. He spoke to her in German, explained politely that it was impossible for him to direct her to another place even though she was, as she claimed to be, *diplomatico*.

Upon his refusal she spoke to me in halting English, "He is German. Bah. He speaks bad German. He is Swiss. I hate the Germans. The Germans in Belgium. They do bad."

A few moments later the Holy Father came, carried into St. Peter's, acclaimed by all the vivacious people with applause and "*Viva il Papa!*"

The fat lady from Damascus turned to me, made the gesture of excellence by kissing her closed fingers. Then, opening her hand like a flower, she said, "Ah, he is full of good!"

She then knelt as he went by while the others and myself remained standing, and put her head in her hands. When she arose she turned again to me and spoke a final piece, "I am wrong. I am bad. Wrong to speak so. Wrong to hate the Germans. I forgive. I forgive him—and them."

Meanwhile, I was watching the glittering display connected with the granting of the diploma of beatitude to the long-dead obscure Sister of Spain, and listening to the

remark of one of my Protestant colleagues, "Hollywood could learn a lot from Rome."

Well, it is either a Hollywood show or it is an expression of reality. There is no room between the two conclusions for a compromise. You start at the beginning of simplicity. The water you pour and the words you say effect Baptism and all its works and pomps or else it is an empty ceremony like an Elk hand-clasp. The words said and the actions done remake present the redemptive sacrifice of Christ, or else they are a pageantry for the bewilderment of fools. Christ is as He said: the God-man, or else He is a liar. The pageantry of the Holy Father coming into St. Peter's to give Sister Acosta her diploma is just that, or else His Holiness is an imposter. It is one or the other. You make your own choice.

All of the art of Rome is a result of a magnificent 2,000-year hoax or else it is an expression of a wonderful reality.

It seems easier in my mind to concur that, given reality, art is inevitable. He, the Pope, and it, the Church, as the fat lady from Damascus said, is full of good.

Madrid. Feb. 9.

Editorial Catolico is a vast publishing enterprise. Two or three daily newspapers, a number of reviews, and book after book—such things roll off the presses day and night.

Its great influence and inspiration

comes from the social-minded Bishop of Malaga.

After I had talked with the director, Don Francisco de Luis, and we had settled our business, he invited me to look at the plant.

Now, I am unable to operate even a monkey wrench. I always make it smaller when it should become larger and vice versa. So there is nothing duller to me than to go into a newspaper plant and have someone try to explain intricacies of a rotary press, while the noise makes it necessary for him to yell directly at my eardrum.

We got off the elevator, having gone up, walked down a quiet corridor, through a door and into a chapel, silent and empty.

I knelt for a while to pray that the CATHOLIC DIGEST might do some good in sunny Spain.

When I arose he explained: 882 men work in the plant. Mass is said here every night at 12:30 for them—probably the only place in the world where only printers go to the printers' Mass. On First Fridays the Blessed Sacrament is exposed all day. Easter, 882 persons received Holy Communion. All of Holy Week services are held here.

"But the altar," he said, "it was the only thing in the building which was not stolen or destroyed by the Reds. It does not conform to the church, but we have placed it here anyhow because we all love it so much.

"See how on one side of the taber-

nacle stands the Blessed Virgin, quite untouched, you see. But see on the other side, St. Paul, standing with his right hand upon the sword, which is the symbol of the sword of the spirit. If you come closer you will see there are four fingers missing from his hand. The Reds shot them off. He lost four fingers, but we lost 27 men who

worked here then, shot by the Reds. St. Paul is our patron and we are all proud of him, but we will never restore the fingers to his hand; because his sword is still there, we are wielding it."

When I had gone out into the street it suddenly occurred to me that I had been shown no machinery at all, nor heard any.



This Struck Me

IN THESE DAYS when the conception of property has been lost, when there is so much talk of freedom with so little real freedom, the words of G. K. Chesterton bring back to us the intimate connection between property and freedom. Only when man owns that upon which he works does he really act as man. Only when he owns that upon which he works is man able to choose, and he is only free when he is able to choose. It is this inability to choose, this lack of freedom which sets up stresses and strains in society.

God is that which can make something out of nothing. Man (it may be said) is that which can make something out of anything. In other words, while the joy of God must be unlimited creation, the special joy of man is limited creation, the combination of creation with limits. This fruitful strife with limitations, when it concerns some airy entertainment of an educated class, goes by the name of art. But the mass of men have neither time nor aptitude for the invention of invisible or abstract beauty. For the mass of men the idea of artistic creation can only be expressed by an idea unpopular in present discussion—the idea of property. The average man cannot paint the sunset whose colors he admires, but he can paint his own house with what color he chooses; and though he paints it pea green with pink spots, he is still an artist, because that is his choice. Property is merely the art of democracy. It means that every man should have something that he can shape in his own image, as he is shaped in the image of heaven.

What's Wrong With the World (1910, Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., \$2.50).

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

American men are straightforward, women forward

A Japanese Speaks Up

By SUMIKO KAWACHI

Condensed from *America**

WHEN the American army swept into Japan in 1945 to begin its occupation, the troops were met by little button-nosed, Dutch-clipped children waving American flags and piping "Hello." The GI's had heard so much of the treachery of this vicious and ruthless enemy that they fixed their bayonets and advanced cautiously. But it wasn't long before they relaxed, and were proclaiming the little button-noses the cutest kids in the world. Reluctantly they began admitting that maybe "the Japs are good Joes after all." Now, after four years of closer acquaintance, one hears words of praise for the Japanese in American circles in which there is no reason for anything but strict sincerity.

It might be interesting for Americans, in turn, to hear just what we think of them. I have been working for the occupying forces in various capacities—as housemaid, stenographer, and secretary—for four years, and therefore have had ample opportunity to observe

Americans in their off-guard moments. So, having compared notes with friends of mine in similar capacities, I—or we—have come to the following conclusions.

The first thing we noticed about the Americans was their lack of empty formality. I don't know what you want to call it—directness, initiative, forthrightness, efficiency—but anyway it is in direct contrast to Japanese high-collared, long-haired ceremoniousness.

We Japanese feel sorry for the Americans at times, however, when we see their complete lack of ceremony and a sense of ease. Perhaps

it is a result of their "efficiency," but they have almost a lust for activity. A Japanese, for instance, can invite a few friends to his home for an evening, and with merely a pot of tea and some interesting conversation have a delightful time. An American, on the other hand, must have cases of Coca Cola and whisky, endless ice cubes, salads, sweets, color slides, home movies, and a bridge game. Amer-



icans seem to think that life consists in activity, and that if they slow down they will stop living.

One of the strangest institutions of American life seems to us to be the baby sitter. Among Japanese, children and the home are the most precious part of living. We would not give them up merely to dash off to a movie or a dance or a cocktail party. Much less would we think of paying someone to take over for us the most wonderful part of our lives. Allied to this problem is the question of birth control, for which the Japanese have an inherent hatred. Even though we are terribly overcrowded in Japan, we would rather have our children and trust in God. The bloodless efficiency of planned births might make life more comfortable materially, but not happier.

But America is still a very young nation, and maybe it will settle down to a more tranquil existence as it grows ripe with years.

The next thing we noticed about Americans was their frankness and honesty. When they say Yes, they mean Yes. When they say No, they mean No. When a Japanese says Yes, he may mean Yes; he may mean No; or he may mean nothing at all. Although this makes life more interesting at times, it can also make it quite irritating—as when, after having matched wits with your partner in a long dialogue, you finally arrive right back where you started.

Last summer, for instance, I went

Out of His League

The Japanese gave the San Francisco Seals, baseball team from Frisco, an enthusiastic reception. Everywhere, the Seals played before capacity crowds. Japanese boys dream, eat, and talk baseball. They, especially, have wrapped the Seals' uniform around their dreams and talk.

On Christmas day in the little church of Narumi, Father Seki was about to baptize a lad of baseball age. He remembered the patron saint the lad had chosen, St. Francis de Sales. But he thought he'd better make sure.

"Go Reimei wa nanto moshi-maskua? (By what name shall you be called?)"

The lad looked up, brushed his hand across a blushing forehead, and stuttered, "San Francisco Seals." H. J. Wiesen, S.V.D.

to visit my sister and brother-in-law in Tokyo. I arrived in the early evening, and both of them were out, but the maid greeted me. Since I was quite travel-stained and weary, she told me that the hot bath was ready, and cordially invited me to enter. The hot bath is an institution peculiarly Japanese. The bath is in a large square wooden box, under which a small stove is kept burning continually. All soaping and washing is done outside the tub, and one

enters the scalding waters of the bath merely to open and close the pores. It is quite a ceremonious affair in the family. Since each one uses the same water, there is an order of rank, starting with the grandfather, and father, and descending in the male line. When these have finished, the women enter in a similar order.

I knew all this, of course, when the maid invited me to enter, so like a good Japanese girl I refused, though I really wanted to accept. The maid kept insisting, however, and assured me that the master of the house had left orders that I should have the bath when I arrived. Having worked for the Americans for a while, I decided to be "democratic" and take my brother-in-law at his word. I thanked the maid and went in. When my sister and brother-in-law arrived home, however, I discovered we were still in our feudal double-talk. Although my brother-in-law had left orders, they were orders in the Japanese sense, and meant the direct opposite to what they said. He was angry that I had presumed to break the ceremonial rank and enter before him. I had polluted the water, so he refused to enter, and sulked during my entire stay.

There is an elaborate code of etiquette for the host in Japan; but just as elaborate is the code for the guest, who must strive to outdo his host in refusing all the very delightful things which are offered. Ever

since I was a little girl, I have had a devilish urge to break this code some day and accept everything my host urged on me. In more recent times this desire has centered itself a little more definitely on my brother-in-law. Of course, I would probably drive the poor man into bankruptcy, since hosts sometimes make the most spectacular offers, knowing that they are to be refused. But I think a little of that treatment might stop the custom.

In this regard I have nothing but praise and admiration for American straightforwardness. I hope the Americans never lose that quality. Life is too short to spend half of it doing things one does not mean.

The next problem is the one of "women," which is rather a thorny one to discuss. It seems to me that in this regard the Americans have overstepped the idea of balance which I learned in school from the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

Japan still being a pagan country, Japanese women are for the most part in the state of abject servility. They bear and rear the children, wait on their husbands, and are relegated to the rear of the house. When out of doors, a woman always walks just behind her husband, with toes pointed in to appear awkward. She must never dare to offer an opinion, and if asked must always say, "I have no idea," or "I entirely agree with my husband."

Among the women themselves there is an empty formalism which

is the offshoot of paganism and its superficiality. For instance, a girl of 10 or 12 will not even lift her eyes to look at a dish of ice cream melting before her, since it would be impolite. Others must force her to draw near and eat it. If a group of young women comes visiting you, there will be an endless discussion at your front door to decide who will enter the house first, until some "bold" creature, disgusted with the whole affair, will go in. She is then branded as "forward."

The American woman, on the other hand, seems to take the lead completely. In her home her word is law. I was surprised to see how many women there were in the Occupation in positions of absolute trust. In the administrative, educational, and communication fields, the women seem to have taken over.

I am not yet quite convinced that this is a good thing. Most Japanese girls, although they may envy the American woman her lovely clothes and apparent ease, would not readily change places with her. To use an American phrase which I just picked up (and which perhaps would cause the nuns who taught me English to shudder), the whole thing is too much like a "rat race." There are

no distinct lines of separation any more, there are no longer the protectors and the protected, the loved and the beloved, the pursuers and the pursued. American men and women are on equal terms, and marriage seems to become a contest for the survival of the fittest. Maybe we Japanese are in a rut, but we still prefer the more conventional relations of the sexes.

I have been taught that the ideal which raised the women of the West from pagan servitude was the model of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The American woman seems to have gone far beyond the graciousness and winning poise of our Lady. They no longer have a model, and hence have gone from servitude to equality and on to an arrogant superiority. I often wonder just how much most of them enjoy it.

Many American women think that the answer to the problem of Japanese women lies in mass co-education. This, I believe, would produce nothing but moral chaos, since the Japanese do not live so much by natural law as by tradition. The answer for us, and I might add, the answer for Americans also, lies where it always has lain—in the pattern set by the Blessed Virgin.



Accomplished

A WEALTHY woman hired a Latvian DP as a maid. She found to her horror that the girl could not run a vacuum cleaner, operate an electric mixer, nor cope with a washing machine. "What can you do?" she asked in desperation.

The girl smiled proudly. "I can milk a reindeer." *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

*Man's "best friend" can also be
his most deadly enemy*

Beware the Dog

By PAUL H. FLUCK, M.D.

Condensed from *Liberty**



ACAR DOOR slams, and the screaming of a tortured child reaches my ears. Then the doorbell rings. Another dogbite. Another case of a child playing with a friendly dog. Another episode in the long and continuing line of dog depredations.

Every accident dispensary and every doctor treat too many of these casualties. Yet we adhere to the erroneous dictum that asserts, "A dog is man's best friend."

In the U.S., dogs take more human lives every year than bears, mountain lions, and all other wild animals combined. In New Jersey, where dogbites are reportable, more than 14,000 people were bitten in 1946, 13,000 in 1947, and the reports for 1948-49 are still pouring in. Those, remember, are only reported cases. Unreported cases must be far more numerous.

Every dog enthusiast has his day of disillusionment. Doctors who treat mangled children whose little lips have been torn from their faces know all too well how many parents rue the day when they were misled by the seeming friendliness of a pup.

According to tradition, dogs love their masters to the end. It has been reported that dogs have pined away beside their masters' empty chairs. And, in rare instances, such accounts may have been true, although few stand up under impartial inspection. For dogs, like all animals with human caretakers, become accustomed to their comforts, so the loss of a caretaker upsets a dog's regular routine.

No human addict, sect, or fan is more unswervingly loyal than the dog lover. He subjects himself, family, and friends to embarrassment, an unhygienic home, and destruction of valuables. The well-trained dog causes disturbances at all hours—but usually it is the dog's master who is well trained and not the dog. If a dog joins his owner on a picnic, damage suits, state regulations, and danger to his beloved pet make the trip a fearsome farce. But, like all addictions, his is so subversive that the dog addict enjoys the Spartan rituals, confinement, and animal companionship.

In fairness to the dog, it is just to point out that he has little to do

with this state of affairs. Even attacks on children are generally provoked. Dogs are dogs, and as dogs they have the characteristics of dogs. They never have been, nor pretend to be, "man's best friend."

We have read newspaper stories about Great Danes tearing children to pieces, or of German Shepherds killing an old woman who had befriended them for years. Even those horrible accidents cannot equal the indescribable agony which precedes death from rabies. Every dog owner, animal handler, and state lawmaker should have an opportunity to observe a patient in the final throes of rabies. The dying patient, usually a child, writhes from the agony of pain-racking spasms. His rasping breathing and the snapping of his jaws are too reminiscent of a mad dog. Over his little blue lips bubbles the thick froth that characterizes the rabid animal. And although he pleads for a drink, the fearful spasms brought on by swallowing even a drop of liquid soon induce the youngest child to fear the sight of water. Hydrophobia is appropriately named. Only death ends this suffering which makes rabies the worst disease that doctors are called to attend.

Rabies in 1950 is just as deadly, although not so common as it was before the time of Pasteur. Even modern medical science is powerless to check the ravages of rabies after the disease has developed. The only successful treatment for rabies

is to prevent it; that calls for a long and sometimes dangerous series of injections. Some states provide free vaccine, but doctors use it only when it is absolutely necessary, for at times rabies vaccine is responsible for severe cases of neuritis and, occasionally, of paralysis.

The treatment of rabies should begin long before the dog takes the first bite. Actually, a rabid dog doesn't always have to bite. Even a drop of the rabid foam which falls on abraded skin can add another hydrophobia victim to the terrible total. Until rabies vaccinations are made compulsory for all dogs in every state, and Canada and Mexico as well, no one will know whether he or his child will be the next victim. In New York state more than 900 persons were bitten by rabid animals between 1938 and 1948. There is no hydrophobia in England, where a rigid vaccination program for all dogs is required by law, and where a strict quarantine of all incoming dogs is enforced.

Even after a dogbite victim has been rushed to the nearest hospital or doctor, his family and neighbors still should not rest until the dog offender has been identified and confined. A dog with definite signs of rabies should be speedily destroyed, but one which appears to be in good health should be closely observed for at least four months. Only a careful microscopic examination of a piece of brain tissue or section of spinal cord will establish a positive diag-

nosis. Even this examination shows absolutely nothing in the early stages of the disease.

The treatment of the wound itself is important, but no modern doctor depends upon cauterization of a dogbite to prevent hydrophobia. Even cauterization is not too simply performed. The ancient and erroneous adage, "There is nothing cleaner than a dog's fang," is not subscribed to by any medical practitioner.

A dogbite must be considered as a possible source of lockjaw, and to prevent this many physicians use an injection of tetanus antitoxin routinely in all such injuries. Penicillin and other new antibiotics may help to clear up or prevent an ensuing infection, but the value of penicillin in rabies is zero.

Some parasites which enter the human body are carried by dogs: intestinal worms, skin diseases, allergies, even ivy poisoning. But such dangers mean little to those who allow their four-legged "friends" to share their beds, lick their faces, and to lap ice cream from their dishes.

Children by the thousand pay a bloody tribute to animal enemy No. 1, whose ravages pass unnoticed, while the fox that steals a chicken is cursed and shot. The dog population of the U. S. is growing far too rapidly. Dog supervision lags. Dog lovers are far too numerous for even the most experienced lawmakers and law-enforcement agencies to cope with.

If a man wishes a rhinoceros for a pet, he builds suitable quarters to house it. But the most dangerous animal in America runs where he will.

Barking dogs do bite, and so will every dog with a tooth in his head.

Dogs can be safe pets, if these rules are followed.

1. Don't have a dog if you don't intend to care for one.

2. Never allow a dog to lick your hands or face, nor to eat out of your dishes.

3. Every dog should be vaccinated against rabies as often as the veterinarian deems necessary.

4. Never strike a dog in the presence of a child; at least 50% of all dogbites are provoked by children teasing or striking a dog.

5. Never have a dog for a pet if you have small children.

6. Never allow your dog to run at large, muzzled or unmuzzled. A rabid dog or fox may bite him without your knowledge.

7. Every sick dog, or one which has bitten a human being, should be promptly examined by a veterinarian, and confined (not killed) until he is examined. Only dogs that are obviously rabid should be destroyed on the spot.

8. A dogbite is the most dangerous wound on earth. Have it treated at once by a physician.

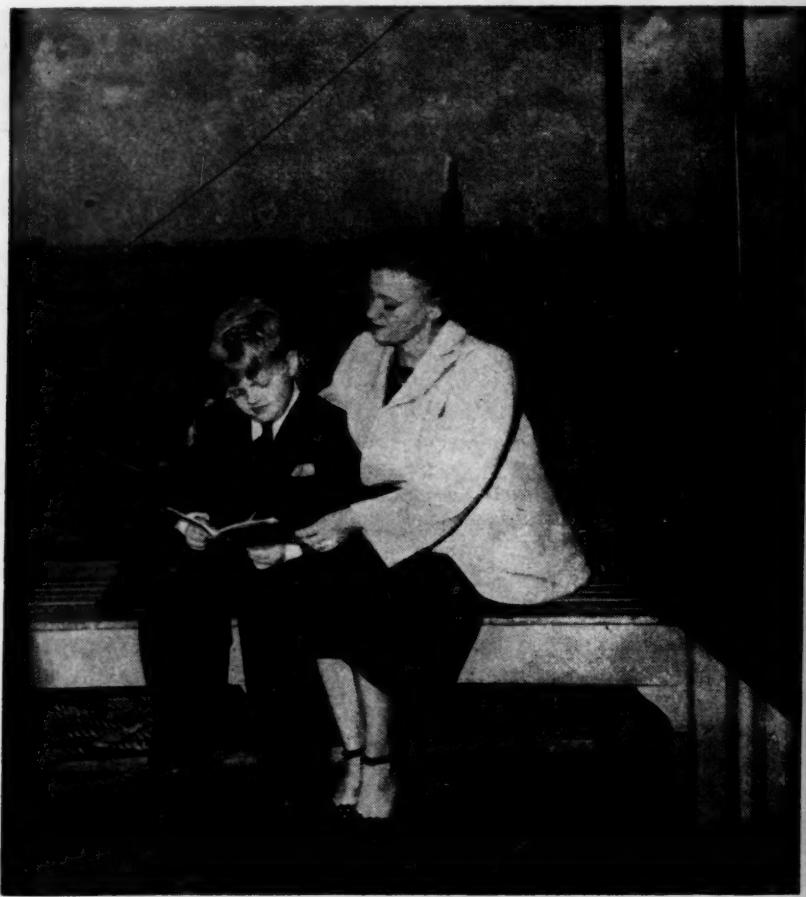
9. Dogs should not be chained. Chains break. Dogs should have suitable quarters.

10. Never forget a dog is dangerous. Treat him accordingly.

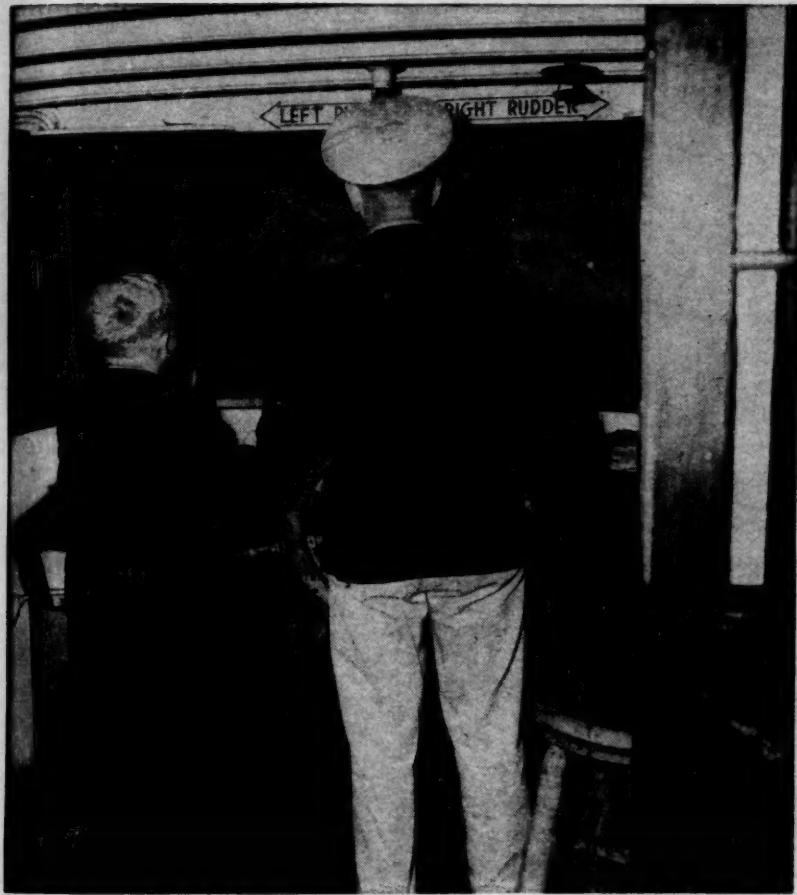
Seafaring Schoolboy

*He studies by the light
of Miss Liberty's lamp*

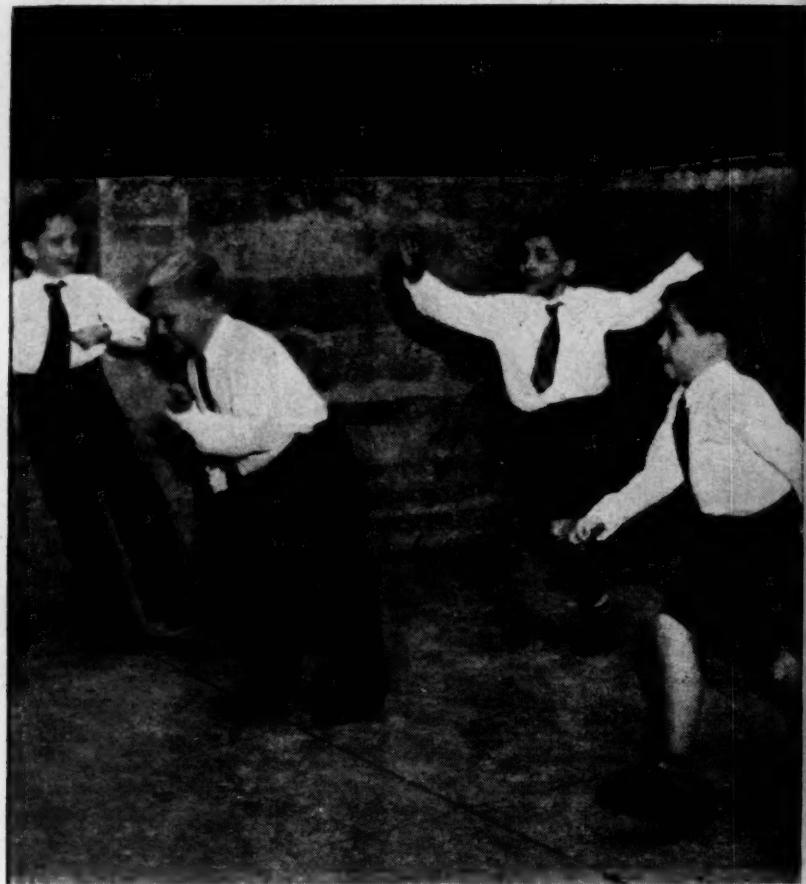




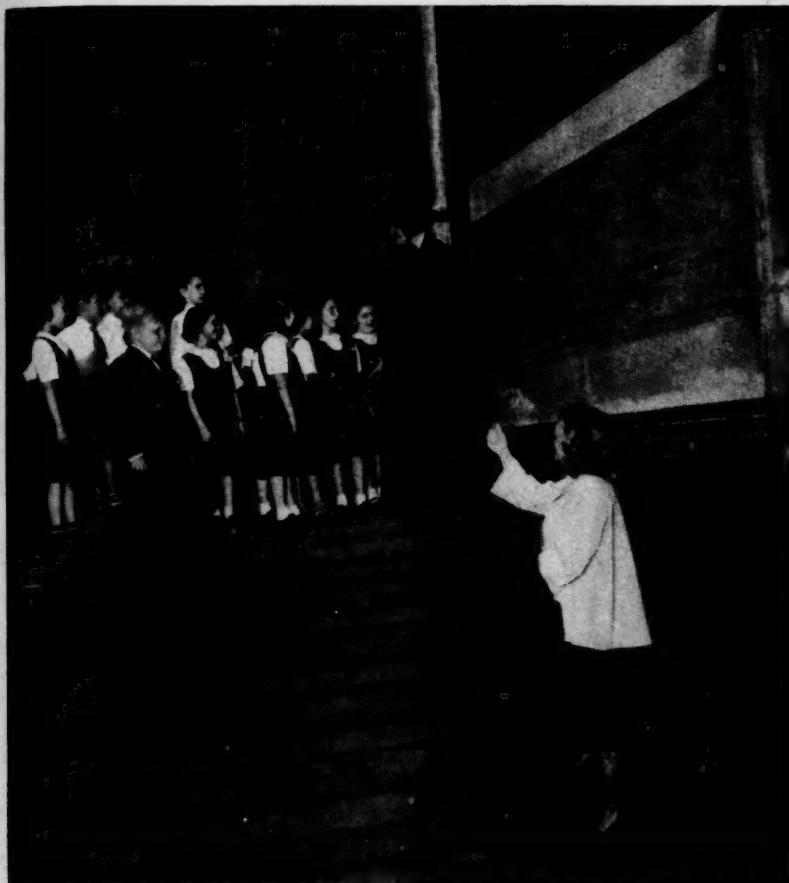
Towering 300 feet above the sea, Miss Liberty stands on Bedloe's island in New York harbor, holding aloft her torch of freedom. The rare view on the preceding page was taken from a helicopter. But eight-year-old George McNamara, Jr., sees Miss Liberty from a boat, every morning and evening, on his way to and from school. Mom accompanies him back and forth.



Oh, boy, is George lucky! He is the son of a U. S. government guard, and lives on the island, one of Bedloe's 30 inhabitants. He attends St. Charles Borromeo parochial school in Brooklyn. The launch is now half way across the bay, and no other craft is near, so the captain lets George help him steer. "Avast, thar," he yells at daring gulls who swoop into his course.



George lands on Lower Manhattan, and takes the subway to St. Borromeo's. He's a regular fellow, and has lots of fun with the other kids at recess and noon. Here he is, second from the left. Looks like the start of a race. Could it be that they are racing for class? The other kids would give their last marble for a chance to take a daily boat ride, as George does.



Naturally, George wishes to know all about the majestic Lady who has stood on his little island since 1886. And the Sisters of Charity, who teach at St. Borromeo's, tell him how the statue was thought of and made by the great French sculptor, Auguste Bartholdi; how it was presented to America by her young sister republic of France. . . . Oh, oh, school's out; mom's waiting.



"You know, mom," says George, as they ride the subway back to the landing, "40 persons can stand in Miss Liberty's head. Twelve can stand in the torch. Her pointin' finger's eight feet long. The statue weighs—" George is a little fellow, after all, and it has been a hard day. He yawns, bobs; he's asleep. "—225 tons," mother finishes for him.



George is refreshed after his nap on the subway, and wide awake. As he and mom make their way to the landing, she reminds him never to forget the most important lesson of all that the nuns have taught him about Miss Liberty: that the freedom she symbolizes rests upon Christian principles. They make the return trip on one of the sight-seeing boats that regularly visit the island.



Dad was there when they landed, but the boat was full, and he had time only for a hello. "Come on back, mom—I want to tell dad something," says George, before they have gone far. "Hey, pop, I got an *A* in hist'ry today." Dad smiles. As a cloud drifts overhead, Miss Liberty raises her torch a little higher: George, and all the other little Georges who study in the light of her lamp, must never stumble from freedom's path.

*One American community has found a better way
than socialized medicine*

Every Patient Has His Day

By FRED DE ARMOND

Condensed from *Nation's Business**

*I*N AN Oakland, Calif., court recently, a doctor was suing for a bill. He found that the defense counsel was the attorney for his own county medical association. Chief witness for the defendant was the doctor who headed the organization's committee on the distribution of medical care. The plaintiff lost.

An expectant mother had chosen the plaintiff for prenatal care. After four office visits he told her a Cae-sarian operation would be required. She dismissed the doctor and consulted another. Later, her baby was born normally. She had paid the first doctor \$25, and when he presented a bill for \$50, the balance of his fee, she complained to the Alameda County Medical association. Its committee heard both stories and ruled that she had paid enough. When the doctor brought suit, he found his own professional organization arrayed against him.

Several years ago the ACMA appraised medical public relations in the community. In spite of the amazing progress of medical science, there was a strong current of dissatisfaction about doctors.

Separated from current political agitation to socialize medicine, the griping arose from three complaints: 1. that it was often hard for poor people to get a doctor in an emergency; 2. that fees were often so high that middle-class people were more ill-doctored than the needy; 3. that doctors have a union that shields incompetents and get-rich-quicks.

ACMA doctors began a critical self-examination. At the same time they cleared up public misinformation.

To make sure that anyone who needed a doctor in a hurry could get one, attendants went on duty at association offices, prepared to get a doctor for anyone in the county at any time, regardless of financial status. They ran newspaper ads like this: "WANTED—Information concerning anyone in Alameda county who believes he cannot get needed medical care because he hasn't the means to pay his doctor. Call the Alameda County Medical association, through which the ethical private physicians in this county guarantee medical care to everyone."

"Our members represent a virtual monopoly," Rollen Waterson, executive secretary of the association, announced. "The association, therefore, accepts broad public responsibilities for the delivery of needed medical care to everyone, regardless of the time, the day, the patient's inability to pay, or any consideration. It seeks to protect patients from, or to gain redress or compensation for injury, neglect, incompetence, excessive fees, or any other malpractice or unethical act of members. It attempts to maintain a suitable climate for constructive competition under a free enterprise system which constantly improves the quality, and holds down the cost of medical care."

Public-welfare agencies existed for those unable to pay anything, but the medical service was rendered mostly by doctors in private practice.

Nevertheless, the public had to be educated before it could use medical service properly. The responsibility is collective and not individual. Any one physician need not go anywhere at any time he is called. That would leave him no real liberty nor choice of action. Doctors might be justified in declining certain calls.

Citizens were counseled to make doctor-patient relationships, to be assured of the service of a particular physician.

Complaints of high cost of medical care resolved into two phases: the ability of the patient to pay and the value of the service.

When there is question of ability to pay, the association's social worker, Muriel Hunter, enters the picture. Mrs. Hunter, a specialist in the field before she joined the staff, discusses the economic problem with the patient. If the cost of the treatment appears to be too much of a burden, she proposes a fee that seems to be within the patient's ability to pay. The doctor almost invariably accepts her recommendation.

In other instances the patient may receive a bill which he thinks excessive. In each case he may complain to the association, certain that the complaint will be adjusted on its merits.

A factory worker's two children had been treated regularly by a specialist for an allergy for 18 months. The worker earned \$72 a week. He had paid the doctor \$1,079 in addition to \$590 for drugs. He still owed the doctor \$560 when his wife, at the suggestion of their druggist, appealed to the association. Mrs. Hunter learned that the family were renters, owned no automobile, and had had to drop their life insurance. The father was no longer employed steadily. On the basis of this information the doctor was induced to cancel the balance and arrangements were made for use of county facilities in continuing the treatment.

Cases involving fee complaints are cleared through the committee on distribution of medical care, which hears both sides and tries to make a fair decision.

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A young doctor, new in practice, made a house call. He noticed that the patient's wife had a cold, and gave her a prescription. Later, he called back and treated both husband and wife, then billed them for four home calls. The committee investigated, found the doctor to be under the impression that unless he charged in this way he would be regarded as a "price cutter" by his colleagues. He was enlightened and admonished, and at the committee's suggestion cheerfully reduced his fee by one-half.

But the doctor is not always at fault. In Alameda county, by far the largest cause of complaint is the patient's failure to understand what is covered by a fee. One man was vehement at \$40 for "one office visit." It looked like Shylock masquerading as Hippocrates until the facts were out. The patient, at his own request, had been given a thorough examination, including cardiograph, fluoroscope, and extensive laboratory work.

People are often surprised when they learn that the fee paid to a doctor is not by any means net compensation for his services—that he usually has a payroll of his own and always overhead to meet, just as any business has. Also, his fee represents on the average about one quarter of the cost of a serious illness, the other three-fourths going for medicines, nurses, hospital care, etc., to say nothing of the time loss.

The lay conception of medical

ethics as a code by which doctors run a professional closed shop was another thing to correct. People said that only criminal abortion brought any discipline; that nothing much was done about lesser infractions of ethics.

Malpractice has always been an ugly word, and a doctor winces at the thought of sitting on a witness stand while a lawyer asks Yes-and-No questions. He knows he cannot guarantee his product as can a manufacturer of a machine or a building material. He deals with something far more tenuous. Yet through inattention or ignorance a physician may directly injure a patient's body.

In Alameda county, the association insures its members with a company underwriting the "shock risk." Rates vary according to the claims; thus each member has a direct interest in keeping down claims. More than that, he is interested in preventing lapses that end in malpractice suits.

To quell any impression that the association is a league to protect inefficient practitioners, a medical protective committee acts as an unofficial small-claims court to hear complaints of bad practice. Member doctors report mishaps that may lead to litigation.

The committee tries to protect the patient as much as the member. No effort is made to suppress facts. If they decide there has been malpractice, a reasonable sum is offered in settlement. If this is not accepted,

the committee lets the case go to court but openly concedes responsibility. Only damages are to be assessed. Should they decide there has been no malpractice, a suit is contested, even though it costs far more than a settlement.

Sometimes medical advice in good faith brings a charge of malpractice. A baby was brought to an Oakland doctor's office in a state of extreme dehydration. The doctor concluded that there was no hope, and to save the parents needless expense advised them to take it home. There it died three and a half hours later. When the family complained, the committee felt that in spite of the practical certainty of imminent death, the doctor should have ordered hospitalization. The \$1,000 asked by the parents was paid.

One evil arising out of the recent tide of malpractice suits is that fear of later criticism forces the physician to resort to time-consuming and expensive procedures that his judgment tells him are unnecessary. To close all avenues to the charge of negligence, every bump calls for an X-ray, every vague symptom for laboratory analyses.

Then, too, fear of malpractice suits sometimes impels the doctor to avoid measures such as radical surgery that may be the only hope of saving a life.

A typical inquiry was from a doctor with a leukemia patient. The patient had reached the stage where each blood transfusion caused a pro-

gressively severe reaction that might result in death. Yet, the patient would certainly die without it. Where would the doctor be in a malpractice action? He was assured of protection in following the course his professional judgment dictated.

The conscientious doctor takes his profession seriously, indeed. One Alameda county doctor while treating a patient for a throat infection used a highly caustic solution by mistake. It was painful for the patient, but no permanent injury resulted. The doctor was so violently upset he suffered an attack of coronary thrombosis that forced his retirement. The patient was allowed \$300 by the medical protective committee.

A woman consulted a general practitioner about a pain in the lower back. She was X-rayed without any finding. A few days later an X-ray of the pelvic region was taken, and still the doctor discovered no injury. An orthopedist later located a fracture of a lumbar vertebra and sent her to a hospital. She claimed that delay in treatment, with consequent pain and injury, was the result of a wrong diagnosis.

The committee had two points to decide. Did the doctor exercise reasonable diligence? Did the delay result in permanent ill effects? The answer to the second question was No. But when the committee answered the first question affirmatively, they had recourse to the principle that a general practitioner is

not expected to know as much about a given problem as a specialist. Something had been overlooked but it did not constitute malpractice.

Above all else, whitewashing is avoided. Causes of professional lapses are sought, to prevent recurrence. Complete candor is the aim in every case.

While suturing an abdominal incision a surgeon broke off a needle. After probing as long as he dared, he closed the incision without recovering it. He was reluctant to tell the patient because of the bad effect it might have at the time. When the patient was discharged, the surgeon still procrastinated. Perhaps there was no compulsion to make such an embarrassing admission.

But the incident preyed on the surgeon's mind. The medical protective committee's recommendation was prompt and unqualified. "You have no right to withhold such information from the one person in all the world most interested. Tell him at once."

The surgeon followed the committee's advice. With the patient's consent the old incision was opened

and the needle removed. This sort of slip is not regarded as malpractice by the courts, but no one wants to see it happen.

The association also has a Bureau of Medical Economics which, in addition to acting as an arbiter between doctor and "part-pay" patients, maintains a collection agency for members. When the doctor's own organization does the collecting, it is interested in the public-relations angle. The same things that cause people to kick against doctor bills cause malpractice charges to be filed. A malpractice case, says Watson, is just bad public relations gone to court.

What stands out about the Alameda program is that a professional organization has set up self-regulatory machinery, not primarily to defend the doctors but to protect patients and assure them their rights. The injured patient has a place to take his grievance without going to court. Collectivists have been saying that it's socialized medicine in this country or else. The doctors of Alameda county have provided one "or else" alternative.



All to Pieces

DURING the holiday shopping rush a customer phoned a Providence book store and tried to order a copy of *Piece of My Mind* by Rabbi Sheen. The clerk asked, "Do you want the Catholic or the Jewish version?" to discover whether the customer wanted Monsignor Sheen's *Peace of Soul* or Rabbi Liebman's *Peace of Mind*.

Winfield T. Scott in the Providence (R. I.) *Sunday Journal*.

Character is shown by the tremendous trifles of daily life

Your Manners

By ESTHER EBERSTADT BROOKE

Condensed chapter of a book*



You cannot counterfeit good manners for long any more than you can hide inherent bad manners. As we eventually learn to tell the difference between the counterfeit and the real thing, so with people we readily see on closer acquaintance the outside marks of inside differences.

You may think manners an affectation. You may think they do not matter. But you have them, you know. And they are either good or bad, agreeable or offensive, depending upon whether you think manners matter and what you do about them.

Good manners are a deposit to guarantee your social security. With them you will be at ease wherever you are. They break down the barriers of social distinctions, but, unless your manners result from more than an acquired knowledge of the social amenities, rest assured that you will one day stand revealed as no more than a glossed-up boor. Because you cannot be two persons or possessed of two personalities, you

cannot hope to put on "party manners" over reprehensible home behavior and feel really secure.

Good manners take practice, and about the best proving ground is your own home. Those same rules of etiquette which govern your actions at home are applicable with but little change elsewhere.

Let us try a comparison or two and see for ourselves.

Don't monopolize the conversation at home, and don't summon members of your family, or try to make a point in an argument, by shouting as if you were a hog caller. Cultivate the same tone and inflection you find pleasing to listen to. You have only one set of bellows. If you wish to sound like an organ instead of a foghorn, don't miss the opportunity to practice at home for pitch, volume—and effect.

What are your bathroom manners? Do you leave grimy, muddy towels strewn around? Lipstick and make-up smeared on the best linen? Do you slop suds and hair all over the place and abandon the tub with

**You and Your Personality*. Copyright, 1949, by Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St.,

a muddy high-water mark? Shake powder around with untrammeled abandon?

Hang things up. Wipe things off. Put everything back where it belongs. Don't be too rugged to be tidy nor too Spartan to be dainty and feminine. And be quick.

At dinner, don't try for a photo finish in getting to your seat.

Don't you be the one to snatch up what you want before passing along to others what remains, the sugar bowl with your coffee-drenched teaspoon in it, the un-iced cake, the spotted banana.

Be ashamed to be a "me-firster." Before helping yourself, offer what you want to the persons beside you. Let them have a chance to take the celery heart, the salted roll, the hot-house grapes. They probably won't take them, anyhow.

If you have a mouthful of food, eat—don't bleat. Some conversations are enlivened by the struggle of the double-duty mouth—chewing while chatting—with results always noisy and often disastrous to near neighbors.

If you eat a little at a time, only enough to chew and swallow comfortably, you will never be caught in a conversational vise between inability to speak without spilling or to chat without choking.

Do your grooming in front of the bathroom or dressing-room mirror. Be in order when you reach the table. Don't be one of those awful men who mop their brows with the res-

taurant napkin. Or one of those Lorlei ladies who comb (or run their fingers through) their hair over the lunch counter or the tablecloth. The most a girl should permit herself is a quick repair of lipstick and a dab of powder after eating, when it may no longer offend.

Don't blow smoke around, or toss ashes or carry lighted cigarettes any more carelessly than you would at home. You need not make a gas chamber out of a crowded little elevator; your pipe will stay glowing till you reach your floor. You need not strew ashes on table tops nor flick them on carpets. If there are no ash receivers, it probably means that smoking is not the order of the day. Look around before you light up.

Don't interrupt just for the sake of flinging in a wisecrack.

Don't repeat everything you hear just for a moment of self-importance or a fleeting flash of the spotlight.

Be a good listener. A misplaced pun can derail a train of thought. The "life of the party" is often the death of a real conversation.

Be discreet. It's not what you say but what you know and don't say that counts.

Be prompt. Time, for some people, is just one eternal postponement. When waiting becomes irksome, anticipation yields to resentment. Habitual tardiness is one of the easiest known methods of dulling the edge of ardor.

The man or woman with a "smooth personality" has acquired,

from observation and inquiry if not from early practice, an automatic familiarity with "the right thing to do." Why? Because a "smooth" personality is one whose contacts are made without jarring or grating, a personality founded on intelligence, not superficiality. And one of the functions of intelligence is certainly the ability to adjust to any and all changes in environment, whether business, social, or national.

Here are a few basic rules as a starter.

Whether younger or older, the man is introduced to the woman. A young man is introduced to an older one. A girl is introduced to an older woman. One says: "Miss Turner—Mr. Grannis." "Mr. Senior—Mr. Junior."

Do not say "Meet Mr. Dilly," nor "Chum, shake hands with Miss Dally," nor "Let me make you acquainted with Miss Giving."

When you acknowledge an introduction it is sufficient to say, "How do you do?" Do not say, "Pleasta meetcha." And if anyone says that to you, do not respond with a hearty "Likewise."

Cordiality is often expressed in a handshake, but few know how or when to employ it. Men nearly always shake hands upon being introduced to one another. It is polite to shake hands with your guests on arrival or departure, or when taking leave of someone before an extended absence. A man does not offer his hand to a woman unless she extends

hers first, but no lady ignores the outstretched hand of a gentleman and leaves it dangling in mid-air.

In the matter of "how to shake," remember that there is no need to employ the old knuckle crusher anywhere but on the wrestling mat. Neither is there any excuse, except from a sickbed, for extending a limp bunch of fingers for someone to grasp and drop. If you shake hands, do just that—gently, firmly, and briskly. If a man shakes hands outdoors, he removes his right glove before doing so. He does not keep it on and say "Pardon my glove"; nor does the woman, for she has no need to remove hers at all.

Well-mannered people are noiseless, inoffensive eaters. They sip their soup instead of sucking it up with a gurgle like that of a thirsty drain pipe.

They break their bread or roll, and they butter a small piece as they eat it. They do not palm a slice, slash butter across its surface as with a trowel, and then shove it into their faces for a big bite.

When they raise a glass or cup to their lips, their elbow is held close to the body, not out at right angles like a broken wing.

Knives and forks, when once used, are kept on the right side of the plate, not replaced on the table nor rested like a pair of bridges from the side of the plate to the table. The spoon is not left in the coffee cup; after being used, it is placed on the saucer.

Well-mannered people do not bend over the table to make connection with fork or spoon; they bring small quantities of food to their mouths with fork or spoon. They cut their meat one small piece at a time as they are ready for it—not all at once like a stew.

A guest remains standing until the hostess indicates his seat. Guests do not seat themselves in advance of the hostess, nor do they start a spirited conversation the moment they feel a chair under them. Watch this; otherwise you may be caught in mid-air when someone starts saying grace.

When you dine out, the host orders the meal. At that point, girls, you make the big decision as to whether to take what you want or go easy on your host.

When the bill is presented, you show no interest in it—it is the consequence of your capacity for (or disregard of) mental arithmetic at the start, and you pay no attention either to the total or to the tip your host leaves behind. (He knows such tips are usually figured at 10% of the bill "plus a bit." He knows the hat-check girl gets 10¢ to 25¢, the taxi driver the usual "10% plus.")

Ash trays may be had for the asking. If you smoke at the table, be sure there is one available. There is no excuse for burning holes in the linen or tossing ashes around like lava.

At the theater, the man precedes the woman down the aisle only

when he has to meet the usher coming up. After that he either walks with or behind the lady.

Ladies, do you really want to know if you should remove your hats? Be honest. How would you feel with that thing between you and the stage? As far as I can see, keeping your hat on at the theater accomplishes one of two things. Either it ruins the show for the person behind you, or it makes him feel like a heel if you force him to ask that you take it off. So take it off in the first place. Asking permission to keep it on does not change the view from behind; it only forces the poor creature to feel like a heartless wretch when he has to admit that he cannot see through matter.

In the office, don't leap self-consciously to your feet every time someone comes in. Men do not rise in the presence of their co-workers, even though they happen to be women. They do, however, rise to meet a visitor and to say good-by.

A girl usually remains seated unless to greet or escort a person of importance to her employer or his company.

Telephone manners are important, because a large part of every business is transacted over the phone. Personal calls are taboo unless cut to a minimum. One simply does not hang onto the line making and breaking dates or attending to other purely personal affairs. There is usually a sufficient lunch hour for such things.

Wherever you are, act with dignity and restraint. Don't attract attention through loud talking. Don't talk across the poor innocents who sit between you and someone you recognize on the other end of a row. Don't push, jostle nor crowd someone else off all but a small quarter of the seat. Don't take possession of both arms of the seat at the movies or the theater.

Good manners are never burdensome. You can carry them with you wherever you go, for, paradoxically, the more you have, the lighter the burden of your contact with the rest of the world.

Develop the habit of good manners—that unerring instinct that leads you to do with poise, charm, and grace the right thing at the right

time and place. When you know your first thought is for the comfort and pleasure of others in every situation, you will know that you may act on impulse, for your impulses will then be those dictated by genuine good manners and not merely the gossamer sheen of would-be gentility.

As you begin to understand the relationship between building character and building personality you will understand that good manners are the offspring of character. You will no longer confuse etiquette with manners. You will understand that you must work to acquire instinctive good manners. If you don't have them, it's a waste of time simply to memorize the "rules of etiquette."

China's First Lady Speaks

CHINA, abandoned and alone, now shoulders the only rifle in the defense of liberty. The world is divided between liberty and communism. In a day not too far distant, millions of others will have to choose between fighting for their liberty or surrendering to enslavement. Let no one be deceived. It is not our struggle alone. China's struggle is the initial phase of a gigantic conflict between liberty and communism.

The U. S. and China have had a long friendship. Your people have come to our aid and have given us comfort. Yours has been a contribution of affection. Your name among us will always be cherished for its friendship and kindness.

My country is humbled. Our government is on an island in the ocean. Bruce of Scotland remained with his people from a cave; we remain with our people from an island.

We stand with empty but willing hands. We stand humble, tired, crying for peace and rest, even more than for rice and bread—but we shall not give up the fight for liberty. Russia will never know one day of peace in China. Russia will never own China. China will remain free.

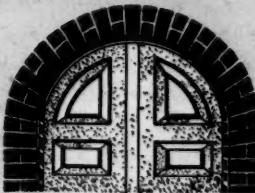
Mme. Chiang Kai-shek on NBC (8 Jan. '50).

BOOK SECTION

CANCER

By BEKA DOHERTY

*Condensed from the book**



BEKA DOHERTY (Mrs. Martin Kamen) began working on newspapers and magazines at an early age, and she quickly developed an interest in scientific subjects. She has specialized since in relating modern medicine to modern man. She writes neither sensational nor in language too technical for the average reader. Her new book, *Cancer*, is written neither to shock nor to raise unfounded hopes, but simply to explain what cancer is, how it affects you, and what is being done about it. Beka Doherty has a reputation among scientists for her integrity and accuracy. For the writing of her book, there were made available to her the vast resources of Memorial Hospital, the largest cancer hospital in the world, and of the Sloan-Kettering Institute, one of the nation's leading cancer-research centers.

**Cancer*. Copyright, 1949, by Random House, Inc., 457 Madison Ave., New York City, 22. 327 pp. \$3.

Cancer

By BEKA DOHERTY

NY hospital, at night, is a setting for drama. It has its own silence, a silence like neither the silence of a church nor the silence of a library.

It was past midnight. A girl was sitting near an open window, bending intently over a piece of embroidery. She worked the needle with a sort of permanent expertness, as if so many women before her had done the same thing that her fingers could never forget the discipline. She was slender and pretty—blue eyes, soft brown hair, a pointed little chin, a firm-lined mouth.

A nurses' aide, seeing a wedge of light from her open door, found her. She had passed that door and read the noncommittal chart a dozen times. On it, in medical language, was a story of ten years of headaches and nosebleeds, a family history that had no mention of cancer in it, something about an inconclusive pathological examination, and a laconic note, "diagnosis deferred." Not, altogether, a very reassuring chart, but not a frightening one, either. It revealed nothing, really, to keep the girl up all night nor to disturb the aide herself. She tried to ignore the little whisper of fear that fluttered up from the chart's objec-

tive pages. Maybe, she thought, the girl was lonely or just restless. She stopped outside the door.

"Good evening," she said. "I'm Mrs. Watson."

The girl flexed her fingers slightly and invited the older woman in. The hoop dangling from her hand showed an exquisitely fine pattern; in a moment she had taken it up again.

"You look so pretty sitting there, not as if you were in a hospital at all," she said. "I suppose they'll be letting you go home soon?"

The girl looked at her and smiled. The other woman saw, for the first time, a slight, barely noticeable lump between her eyebrows. She saw, too, that the girl looked younger than the 23 years noted on her chart and that her eyes were red-rimmed, as if she had been crying.

"Oh, yes," the girl said. "I'll be going, very soon." A pause while the needle flashed. "Or I'll stay. It all depends on what I decide to do." She settled herself, for all the world as if she were gossiping in her own house over a piece of handwork and a cup of tea. "The doctor knows what he should do," she continued, "but he said he didn't know what I should do."

The older woman leaned back into the shadows; whatever was coming she didn't wish to hear. The girl repeated her chart's story, haltingly, without technicalities. Her mother had worried about her nosebleeds, she said, and sent her to a number of doctors. One finally stopped the bleeding with some sort of powder; after that only the headaches bothered her. "I was nervous, anyway," she explained, "and we put it all down to that. Besides, I wanted to finish high school." Another pause. She inspected her work critically. "Then I went to business college. I'm a receptionist," she said, "but I want to be a secretary some day. Secretaries get paid better." She sighed like a much older woman and smoothed the embroidery over her knee.

"Do your parents know you're here?" Mrs. Watson knew the answer before it came.

"Oh, no," the girl said. "They think I'm on vacation." She made a stitch with almost every word.

Two teeth began to loosen, the girl continued. A dentist snipped out some bits of what he told her were "bleeding gums"; she consulted her doctor and an X-ray expert. When, together, they recommended X-ray treatments several times a week, the girl said, she began to have a feeling there was something very wrong. But she was young and the war was on and there were many things to think about. She had been worried enough to take "vacations"

twice before—once in a city where there happened to be a famous diagnostic institute and once at a resort near a celebrated clinic. Her parents thought the vacations were grand. They wanted her to enjoy herself while she was young.

But the doctors were uncertain about what was the matter. They seemed really worried when she developed a "sty" that poured out a tremendous amount of yellow pus. She continued with the X-ray treatments, she said; some of the doctors had told her she had a bone infection that might go on for years before it finally cleared up. At last, only when she thought the people who came to her receptionist's desk began to stare at her red-rimmed eyes and the lump between her brows, did she decide to take another "vacation." She had been recommended to the hospital by one of the physicians in her home town.

"I'm not really a bed patient, you know," she said. "I couldn't find any place to stay, so the doctor let me stay here. I'm really in the clinic." That was said apologetically, as if the girl felt she had no right even to be in the clinic.

"He's a very good doctor," the girl continued, "nice and kind. He told me exactly what's the matter with me. I have cancer. In my nose. He said he could cut it all out. That would mean he'd have to cut off my nose, you know, and most of my cheek, and part of the inside of my mouth."

Mrs. Watson waited with horrified pity for the girl to finish.

"It might make me live a little longer, I guess. But I don't know. What would you do?"

The question hung in the still air. The floor was so quiet that taxi horns from the streets of the enormous city echoed in the room. The silence stretched on through minutes and minutes. At last Mrs. Watson said the only thing she could. "You must be very tired. Let me rub your back. It makes sleeping easier."

Mrs. Watson came in early the next day, hoping blindly that the night would have conjured some solution. But—she had expected it, really—the chart had been closed, the room was empty. There was nothing left of the girl or her terrifying calm or her awful problem except a needle gleaming in the morning sun. Mrs. Watson picked it up. Perhaps, if she could return it, words of comfort or hope would come to her. But the girl was not in the lobby, of course; she was nowhere. Mrs. Watson stood with the needle between her fingers, wondering what would become of the beautiful embroidery.

Nor every cancer patient has so desperate a decision to make. Many of them—there are nearly 400,000 new cases every year—do not know, or are not certain, they have cancer. Cancer seldom announces itself with agonizing pains or shooting fevers or spots on the skin or a feeling that

the gongs of doom have sounded. These come late. Frequently it is discovered only by accident. There is, often, no pain at all as the cancer grows; the patient suffers only minor mechanical interference with some function or other of the body.

One brilliant military officer, for instance, discovered in the middle of his career that he had a slowly growing wen on his scalp and a vague, numb feeling in his legs. The wen annoyed him much more than the slight interference with his walking and riding. But the wen turned out to be a tumor that had its roots in the covering of his brain; the numbness in his legs was a direct result of its purely mechanical interference with the motor centers beneath it. The tumor was successfully removed, and with it went all other symptoms. The only effect the officer felt was the missing of an important promotion because his service's medical department feared the tumor might recur. (It did, but not until about 15 years later.)

Other brain tumors are more malignant, more insidious—and more securely hidden. As their tentacles wrap themselves around the cables and cross-switches through which the brain controls the body, any number of symptoms may appear: spots before the eyes, swimming vision, dizziness, headaches, signs of palsy and epilepsy. Patients with such symptoms go very properly to doctors for comfort and reassurance. They consume tons of aspirin,

change their diets, their sleeping habits, their jobs; and blame their symptoms on anything in the world except a growth within the skull. This may go on for years before specific tests reveal the presence of a tumor.

VERY few cancer patients, even before their ordeal begins, are given an all-or-nothing verdict on their disease. The physician, trying to decide both whether his patient has cancer and whether he should be told, usually does not go into details.

Yet this considerate indirection deceives few. There is a keenness, a sort of intuition, in the face of disaster; it does not allow most persons to be very much deceived. And if the patient is sent to a doctor known for his cancer work, or to a hospital or clinic specializing in "cancer and allied diseases," or if the need for X-ray or radium treatment is discussed, the cat is unquestionably out of the bag.

What happens when the verdict is finally given? Most persons, no matter how careful their composure, no matter how kind or unkind their doctors have been, react to the flat statement "This is cancer" with just one feeling: cold, stark, shaking fear. Their fear does not mean they are cowards. It is natural, defensive, designed to give a man time to collect his wits, to plan countermeasures, to find a way out of what looks like a hopeless situation.

When the first shock is over, how-

ever, patients sometimes behave astonishingly. Sometimes they are wholly apathetic—so thoughtless, so trusting, or so ignorant, that they will ask only casually and with little understanding about their disease and its eventual outcome. These people are quite ready to do what they are told. The apathetic patient has never asked too much about his future nor regretted too much his past. He trusts his doctor; he does not bother his head about things he feels he cannot understand. These patients almost automatically receive the best treatment because their very dependence excites the pity and sympathy of everyone charged with treating them.

A SECOND group simply accepts the situation, understanding it perfectly, but not quibbling over the dictates of fate. Whatever dreams they may have had they will give up to an all-seeing Providence. But they are so completely convinced that death is inevitable that they are reluctant to take the risks involved in attempts to stave it off. Time after time women who feel this way have come to the doctor to disclose an enormous, ulcerated, bleeding growth in what was a breast. To the horrified question of the physician as to why they had done nothing about it before, they answer, "I knew this was cancer, of course, but nothing can be done about it." Many people who behave like this simply want to die, and nothing else. Ex-

pensive and torturing operations, or prolonged and unpleasant X-ray treatments, would only put off the quiet end they desire. To die of cancer is, to them, quite as good a death as any other; refusing treatment is their invitation to death.

Other patients become hysterical. They read about cancer; they consult encyclopedias; they talk to their friends. Then, with no guide but their own edgy nerves, they decide which treatment is good or bad, which physician is better than another. They shop around from doctor to doctor until they find one who will give a favorable opinion or who will recommend some treatment they understand.

Reason means nothing to them; they think their disease is punishment for some sin long since committed but never expiated, or a persecution visited on them by some malevolent enemy, or the fateful result of living in modern civilization. These patients refuse to follow advice. If they are cured by a radical operation, they accuse the physician of removing an organ that was not cancerous in the first place. If they are not cured, they blame the inadequacy of the medical profession. They love injections and esoteric diets, provided they get them with the right kind of mumbo jumbo.

Another group of patients can only be called maniacal. They are quite prepared to believe that they are doomed. They make speeches; they write letters; they offer their

bodies for experimentation. Each one is certain that a little more energy, a trifle more enterprise, just a jot more intensive thought, a word more of conversation, will achieve the unachievable. And as they see themselves going inexorably downhill, their mania increases and finally ends in indescribable resentment toward all physicians, hospitals, clinics—the world.

People in these last two groups drive nurses frantic with incessant demands for special privileges or services. Nothing satisfies them—not the food, the weather, the decorations, the physicians. Their dissatisfaction has serious consequences: these are the people who make possible the army of quacks who leech the substance of the chronically ill because they are too impatient of the slow progress of honest medicine.

The intelligent patient, the patient who learns of his illness and sets out immediately to learn more about it, rationally, courageously, and cooperatively, has won the first skirmish in a long war. The enemy within is strong and malevolent. It must be attacked and counterattacked with what weapons are available. It can be conquered; it must be fought.

A CENTURY and a half ago, in Edinburgh, physicians made their first organized attempt to gather material for a reasonable understanding of cancer. Eight of the most eminent surgeons and medical men in all Scotland formed the Medical Com-

mittee of the Society for Investigating the Nature and Cure of Cancer—the first cancer society. Very wisely, they began by asking themselves and their colleagues 13 questions—which are still the questions asked everywhere today.

Their first question was the one people still ask most often, "What are the signs of cancer?"

To this the wise men of Edinburgh had no very concrete reply. But in the century and a half since, thousands of physicians have watched thousands and thousands of patients. From their observations have come the following list of early signs of a precancerous condition, a list that has been very widely publicized.

Persistent lumps or thickening anywhere in the body, usually most noticeable in the breast, tongue, lips, neck, groin, and armpit.

Unusual or irregular bleeding from any opening in the body.

Changes in the color, size or shape of moles, warts, birthmarks, "beauty spots" or scars.

Sores that don't heal, even if they aren't painful, especially on the lips or tongue or anywhere in the mouth.

Hoarseness or persistent coughing ("whisky tenors" and "smokers' cough") that have no relationship to colds, too much smoking, or an ordinarily low-pitched or husky voice; a "lump in the throat" that never seems to dissolve and makes it hard to swallow, or blood-flecked sputum.

Swelling or pain in bones, especially if the pain gets worse at night.

Indigestion that persists no matter what you eat or drink.

Shifts between diarrhea and constipation with no special dietary causes.

Painful or difficult urination.

Sudden loss of weight, a general worn-out feeling, a distaste for meat.

The trouble with this list is that such symptoms can mean anything or everything or nothing. They serve only as hints of something that might possibly be wrong and which may or may not be cancer. No one of them is definite or conclusive, much less a signal for panic.

WHAT, then, is this disease, if all the doctors in all the centuries have been able to devise only such tentative ways of recognizing it or suspecting its presence? Is it one disease with many variations, or many diseases with common characteristics? Does it start all at once, with no warning, or does it begin slowly, too slowly for any eye to see? Does it start of itself or can some other disease precipitate it? Can some agent outside the body set it off? Is it passed on from father to son, from mother to daughter? Does man alone of all the universe create an enemy within himself?

These questions—which are not completely answered yet—were all asked by the eight Scotch doctors. They were stabbing in the dark, because in those days people knew

next to nothing about the body—what is in it, how it is put together, how it works. They knew still less about cancer. Not until after the middle of the last century did science learn that the basic structural unit in all tissue, including cancer tissue, is the cell.

Every year since cells were discovered to be so important in cancer, scientists have learned a little more about them. But they are not yet completely understood by any means, sick or well. And cancer investigators are still unable to answer completely another version of the Scotsmen's first question: How do you tell a cancer cell?

Cells are like bricks: they are pretty much of a size, content, shape, and structure (although all these characteristics are different in cells from different animals or organs). When they are used properly—like bricks in a well-built house—they fit smoothly together and reinforce each other. But imagine for a moment a house built of bricks made without straw, bricks that look ordinary at first sight, but are soft outside and spongy inside. They do not stay firmly fixed in their places. They split in two; the halves split further, and the smaller fragments further yet. They shove against the normal bricks around them, push them out of place, weaken the whole section of wall. They divide faster and faster; they press against the electric wiring inside the wall and destroy it; they take much more

than their fair share of the cement that holds the structure together.

Eventually, some of them break off from the original mass and get into the plumbing. They move along the pipes, find a comfortable corner, and begin dividing all over again. In a very short time, the plumbing bursts. Pretty soon the whole house is so weakened by these outlaw bricks—even though there may still be few of them compared with the number of healthy bricks—that it collapses altogether.

THAT is a graphic representation of what happens in cancer, although in cancer, of course, the process is much more complicated. Cancer cells are almost—but only almost—exactly like normal cells. They differ most in their lethal ability to grow; as they grow, they invade, they destroy. They may grow because they have lost the power to stop or because they are overendowed with the power to reproduce themselves. Normal cells grow, too; everyone who has ever pulled a scab off a cut and seen the fresh, new skin underneath has seen this happen.

But cancer growth is disorderly and diseased; it is not even the same for all cancers, some of which grow fast and some very slowly. Some cancers retain for a long time many of the characteristics of the normal cells in the organ or tissue from which they arose; some even, in an insane way, try to do the work of

the normal cells from which they arise.

Nobody knows how the cancerous growth starts in the first place. Histories of patients never tell; they always seem to begin in the middle of the story. If someone could watch every cell in the body every second of the day, the very beginning of a cancer might be detected—the fugitive, odd division, the slight deviation in size or shape, perhaps even a shift in position or resistance to pressure. Whatever happens at the very beginning, after the process is well under way, there is such a thing as "a cancer"—a well-defined homogeneous group of cells.

In effect, it is the danger from the wandering bandit-cells that break off from the mother mass that gives point to the constant preaching of the importance of early diagnosis of cancer. The cancerous nests formed by these cells are called metastases. Cancer is dangerous long before they form, of course. But as long as it is in one spot, chances of cure or really effective treatment are good—in many cases, extremely good. It is far harder to find and treat the outlaw bands of cancer cells that may have gone from the liver to the brain, from the bones to the lungs, from the breast to the arm-pits.

During the last ten or 12 years, desperate need for early diagnosis has been emphasized countless times.

It is argued that cure rates would improve, and death rates decrease,

were earlier diagnosis made in as many cases as possible. Arguments along this line are persuasive. But they cannot be definitely proved—because no one has yet decided how early enough must be.

Certainly, if cancer of the stomach could be diagnosed and treated as soon as the first few cells become malignant, there would be no fatality from stomach cancer. The same thing goes for all forms of cancer, but there is now no technique which allows the physician to tell exactly when a group of cells becomes cancerous or precancerous. Nevertheless, there is no doubt or question of the importance of early diagnosis. Lacking the ideal of knowing what stage is early enough, we must settle for the earlier the better.

CANCER, unlike many other chronic, degenerative diseases, can be cured in a very large number of cases. In fact, the theoretical chances for any given patient are better than they look in the statistical tables reporting the number of cures in different hospitals. Necessarily, these figures are colored by the ignorance that keeps patients from early treatment, by the failure of medicine to diagnose the disease accurately and early and, of course, by the very real limitations of present-day procedures. But when the figures on the cure rates of all cancer, early and late, and those reporting on early disease alone, are set side by side, a very

striking fact appears: given early diagnosis and good treatment, there are, roughly, four chances out of five of being cured of most forms of cancer. The glaring exceptions are cancer of the stomach and cancer of the lung, primarily because they are both so hard to diagnose. Even these, however, if they are found early enough, can be treated successfully.

Studies of people who come too late for treatment show that most had put it off because they simply didn't believe that medicine would help them. Others delay because they are not only uninformed but superstitious. Still others are frightened because they think that cancer is infectious or contagious (although not once has an operating surgeon "caught" the disease from a patient). Sometimes people refuse treatment because of their religious beliefs.

Many people avoid doctors, or go to the wrong sort, because they hold fantastic notions about cancer. The list of "causes" of cancer is long: hot foods, canned foods, electric refrigerators, mysterious emanations in the atmosphere, "poison" from aluminum pots and pans, drinking whisky, drinking alcohol at all, smoking cigars, cigarettes or pipes, using contraceptive devices. All these things and more have been blamed, sometimes sincerely, sometimes as part of the hocus-pocus that quacks impose on their victims.

Cancer's victims include people of all ranks. Kings die of it, and butlers; cab drivers, housewives, bar-

tenders, advertising men, actresses, politicians, doctors and nurses, scholars and athletes. It is not a disease of the poor, nor of filth, nor of the rich. People who are experts on it themselves die of it. Grover Cleveland is said to have averted a national crisis during the panic of 1893 by keeping secret an operation for cancer of his left upper jaw. The President was spirited away from Washington, his doctors left their offices secretly, telling no one where they were going, and the operation was done successfully on a yacht steaming slowly off Montauk Point. Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII, died of cancer of the breast. Otto Fibiger, who won the Nobel prize in 1921 for showing that parasites can cause cancer in rats, also died of the disease he worked on most of his life.

No one is safe. Since the disease seems to strike almost at random, no one can be sure he has avoided it; cancer has been known to develop at the knitting points of broken bones, for instance, but hundreds of thousands of people break their bones and don't get cancer. It is very puzzling—a puzzle that costs 200,000 lives and millions of dollars every year.

Cancer can be treated and can be cured. But even with this knowledge the patient is confused and fearful. There are other diseases as painful, many more sudden, others equally lethal. We fear this one in particular because we know so little

about it; the mystery has fed our fear and our fear has deepened the mystery for generations. We don't know whether to believe the doctors, who can point to thousands of perfectly healthy ex-patients, or hushed, secret tales of lifelong agony. We don't know whether to think of the hospital to which we go as a place of helpful refuge or, as our grandfathers thought, a last resort. The doctors who treat us are still magicians, in the deepest parts of our minds; but some of us refuse their magic because we fear it. And some of us make up our minds that their magic or medicine will do us no good anyhow; so we don't consult them at all.

Some people, physicians and laymen alike, argue that emphasis on the widespread occurrence of cancer and the many deaths it causes has encouraged the development of cancerphobes—people who have a morbid fear of the disease which itself is a disease. And it is true that some people become overanxious. Such persons are very likely to consult doctors, not to ask if their symptoms are caused by cancer, but to tell them so. They sometimes insist that the doctor perform diagnostic procedures of which they have read. They demand specific treatments and go from physician to physician until they find one sympathetic or uninformed enough to encourage their fears. But the average medical man is driven to despair by those would-be patients' distortion and misun-

derstanding of the hard-won knowledge about cancer.

People who blame the existence of the cancerphobes on publicity about cancer forget that cancerphobia existed long before there was fund-raising for cancer. Older medical textbooks, especially the great William Osler's, published in 1892, describe "cancerphobia" as just one manifestation of the unwell mind, developed just as are phobias about other diseases. All disease-phobes insist neurotically that they are ill; they twist and turn their symptoms until they match those of the disease from which they are adamantly, but helplessly, resolved to suffer. In other words, the cancerphobe is a special sort of hypochondriac—and Galen, only 150 years after Christ, knew the hypochondriac.

REAL cancerphobes are sick—just as sick as people who live in desperate fear that their hearts will weaken or fail, that they will fall to death from great heights, that every object they touch is contaminated with disease-bringing filth.

Real as such illnesses are, in their own way, they have nothing to do with cancer. By another twist, such disordered emotions might have turned to alcohol or drugs or any one of the myriad ways neurosis can show itself.

Other patients develop a sort of transitory fear of cancer which is not true phobia at all. Rather, it is a most specialized version of the

fear we all feel in the face of an unknown menace. Some of those patients do indeed race from clinic to clinic and doctor to doctor, waiting for a magic, reassuring word. Some doctors, overworked and pressed with the acute problems of many patients, complain a great deal when this happens. They forget what they should know better than their patients, the difference between reasonable anxiety and neurotic obsession. They also seem to forget the unpleasant fact that cancer is the second greatest cause of death: folks have a right to worry about it.

What was once a picture of the deepest gloom is now lightened by many rays of hope. The most pains-

taking analyses of the figures on cancer deaths in the U. S., for instance, show unmistakably that medicine is getting the upper hand over man's enemy within.

The deaths from cancer continue, but they decrease—slowly, agonizingly slowly, but they decrease. The number of cases increases—rapidly here, slowly there—but a "case" is no longer equivalent to death. As the years pass, the number of victims who live literally in the valley of the shadow, who sleep fearfully each night lest they find death to be their silent bedfellow, may creep upward. But with courage and imagination and intelligence, the dragon of their fear will be destroyed.

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Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Anderson, George K. THE LITERATURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 431 pp. \$5. Satisfying chronicle of letters in England prior to Norman conquest of 1066. Many translated selections, and a bibliography useful to libraries.



Beevers, John. STORM OF GLORY: St. Thérèse of Lisieux. New York: Sheed & Ward. 231 pp. \$3. Forthright, unsentimental life of the young Carmelite who has put sainthood within the common grasp.



Breig, Joseph A. GOD IN OUR HOUSE. New York: America Press. 156 pp. \$2.50. The Gospels and Epistles explained Sunday by Sunday interestingly for children. Compiled from a column in *America*.



Campbell, W. E. ERASMIUS, TYNDALE, AND MORE. Milwaukee: Bruce. 288 pp. \$5. The long duel of ideas between Tyndale and More on the new religious doctrines of Tyndale is the core of this new chapter in the history of English letters.



Considine, Robert. THE MARYKNOLL STORY. New York: Doubleday. 144 pp., illus. \$3. Pictures and story of Americans in Asia, Africa, South America, making friends with many peoples to everyone's advantage. By coauthor of *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*.



Francis de Sales, Saint. INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE. Translated & Edited by John K. Ryan. New York: Harpers. 256 pp. \$3. For lay people, on combining the duties of everyday life with a cheerful love of God. New translation, well printed, of a best seller for three centuries.



Jugie, Martin A. PURGATORY, and the Means to Avoid It. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 203 pp. \$3.25. All the teaching of the Church on those who leave earth still owing some expiation for faults. A stimulus for charity and a better life.



McCrossen, Vincent A. THE NEW RENAISSANCE OF THE SPIRIT. New York: Philosophical Library. 252 pp. \$3. Energetic pronouncement on the dissolution of our sense of values. Urges a change in which a love of God and one another in Christ will set the standards of nations.



Merton, Thomas. THE TEARS OF THE BLIND LIONS. New York: New Directions. 32 pp. \$1.25. Of God and His works. Startling images in a new sheaf of verses from the Trappist poet.



Péguy, Charles. THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC. Translated by Julian Green. New York: Pantheon. 216 pp. \$3. Mystery play motivated by St. Joan's distress over the misfortunes of France and dishonor shown to God.



Sanford, Trent Elwood. THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN MEXICO. New York: Norton. 363 pp., illus. \$6. Passport to a land of architectural surprises. From the Mayas to modern functional concrete, but with emphasis on the great colonial period that still charms the tourist.

ST. FRANCIS SEMINARY

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CINCINNATI 31, OHIO

Dec. 4, 1949

Dear Editor:

Some days ago this letter came from a Father in the heart of China whose mission has been occupied by the communists since May.

"Where could I find words to make you understand what is happening? It's literally too fantastic for words.

"Do you remember the picture story in the CATHOLIC DIGEST entitled 'Is This Tomorrow?' When I read it I thought it a bit farfetched, but I know now that it didn't even approach reality. The ease with which the boys take over when the time is ripe for it leaves you stunned and speechless. The cool, cock-sure confidence with which they go about establishing the rule of communism sickens you. At least 98% of the people are unhappy about everything that's happening, but it doesn't express itself in opposition. Everyone acts like a mouse crouched between the paws of an evil-eyed cat.

"Plead with everyone you meet to do his utmost to see that it doesn't happen there, to remove the breeding grounds of communism—social injustice, racial discrimination, materialism."

Yours very sincerely,
ELGAR MINDORFF, O.F.M.